Week ending July 23 1949 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

PETER CHEYNEY
writes a new complete story—"Esteban"

PAUL HOLT
begins a fascinating series—"Six Summers"

Sure of her health -sure of herself

She's full of confidence because she can rely on boundless energy to see her through the day: energy that springs from radiant health—health that enables her always to look her best. No constipation, sick headaches for her. She prevents these everyday ills by taking Beecham's Pills whenever she needs a reliable and effective laxative.

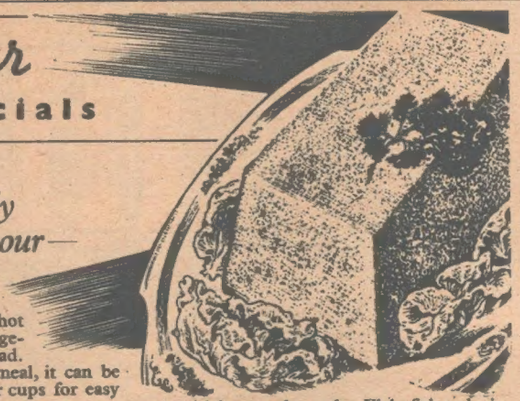
1/6d. and 3/8d. per box. 3 Twists for 3½d. Including Purchase Tax.

She takes

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Summer specials



with a specially appetising flavour—

FISH LOAF

This loaf can be served hot with parsley sauce and vegetables or cold with salad. For a picnic or packed meal, it can be made in small moulds or cups for easy carrying. Quantity given serves 4.

1 lb. cooked fish, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, 1 egg well beaten, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 teaspoons anchovy essence, salt and pepper to taste.

Thoroughly grease tin or basin, and line with browned crumbs. Flake fish and mix well with other ingredients. Place the mixture lightly in tin or basin and either bake in a moderate oven for ¾ to 1 hour or steam for 1 ¼ to 1 ½ hours. If in small moulds, steam for ½ to ¾ of an hour.

HERRING ROLLS

These make a substantial "main course" for a packed meal, and are also good for lunch or supper, hot or cold.

4 herrings, cleaned and filleted, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, shortcrust pastry made with 8 oz. flour; 2 level tablespoons finely chopped onion.

Rub the herring fillets with the salt and pepper. Roll out the pastry and cut into 8 squares as for sausage rolls. Put a fillet of fish on each square and sprinkle with onion. Damp the edges of the pastry and fold over, being careful to close the edges to prevent any loss of liquid. Bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

NOURISHING SANDWICH SPREAD

Cress and Snoek Spread. 4 level tablespoons chopped cress, 4 level tablespoons flaked snoek, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 level dessertspoon chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix all ingredients together. Use as sandwich spread.

FISH FLASHES. Fish is one of the body-building foods. A pound of cod contains about as much building material as a pound of meat.

Herrings give valuable amounts of vitamin D.

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IN 6 SMART SHADES

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IODISED FRUIT PASTILLES

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FROM QUALIFIED CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

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"Walters' **Palm**" REGD.

TOFFEE

PERFECTION of CONFECTIONS

NEW IMPROVED CREAM DEODORANT

safely STOPS underarm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Prevents odour. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
4. Pure, white, greaseless, vanishing.
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Arrid *2/5 a jar*

Supplies are rather better now, and you've a good chance of being able to get Arrid from your chemist, hairdresser, or local store. You'll find the new improved Arrid has been worth waiting for.

E D I T O R I A L

Stop the cruel traffic in horses

HORSES HAVE a new rôle in British life today. We used to ride them and use them to haul our vehicles. Now we eat them.

That is the revolution which has come about almost unnoticed in ten years, partly because of increased mechanization, and partly because the meat ration is so small.

Sentimental reasons, and reluctance to eat horseflesh, held up the change in this country. But now we have already reached the stage of appointing a committee to inquire into "the extent of the practice of slaughtering horses for food for human and animal consumption in this country" and "the desirability or otherwise of encouraging the breeding of horses for slaughter."

Whether the eating of horseflesh is good or bad every man must decide for himself. What is a matter of urgent public concern is the evil caused by obsolete regulations about horses—regulations which take no account of the vast change in their use.

The conditions of trade now enforced make it difficult for honest men to deal profitably in horseflesh, and they do not safeguard horses against hardship—or eventual extinction.

Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, appealed last spring for more horses on the farms. He foresaw the best British stocks dying out. And that, obviously, must not be allowed to happen. However many farm tractors we have, no country which must import every drop of oil, as we do, can afford to depend on machines for its agriculture.

Nevertheless, while a horse is worth more money as bogus beef in the black market than as pulling-power in front of a plough, the farms will go on losing their animals.

CONSIDER these figures. Prewar, there were 846,000 horses on English and Welsh farms, and 50,000 tractors. Today there are fewer than half a million horses, and more than a quarter-million tractors. That trend from hoof to wheel goes on faster and faster. It is speeded, at a time of labour shortage, by the fact that a horse must be cared for every day and night, whereas a tractor when not in use needs no attention.

Thus, when a black marketeer drives up to a farm and offers £40, £50 or £60 each for its horses, the temptation to sell is very great.

And the buyer is on a "sure thing" if he does not scruple to break the law. He can expect to get several hundredweight of meat from a horse. At the controlled price of 1s. a pound, that might fetch £30 or so. But at black market prices the return from the meat, plus that from the rest of the animal, may yield a *profit* of £60.

The bones are sold for bonemeal and fertilisers; head and offal feed racing greyhounds; hide and hair are used in several industries.

The racketeer's main profit is made on the meat, sold mostly in London and retailed in some cafés, restaurants and hotels as beef steak. The regulation that a notice must be prominently displayed in a restaurant which serves horseflesh is broken every day. A lot of the so-called steak sold to hungry Londoners eating out is not beef but horsemeat.

Sidelines for the black marketeer are sale of horsefat to pastrycooks to be processed into "cream" for meringues, and doctoring of young horses' flesh with vinegar for sale as veal.

IT may be said that there is nothing unwholesome about eating horse. Our remote ancestors hunted wild horses for food long before they discovered how to keep beef cattle. And only Britain's happy prewar position as a wealthy nation with abundant meat supplies sustained our modern dislike of horseflesh as food.

The real evil is that there is no check on the number of horses killed, the conditions under which they are slaughtered, or where they are sold. Licences are issued at random by local officials. Butchers deprived of their licences for black market offences enter the horsemeat racket—and make more money than ever before.

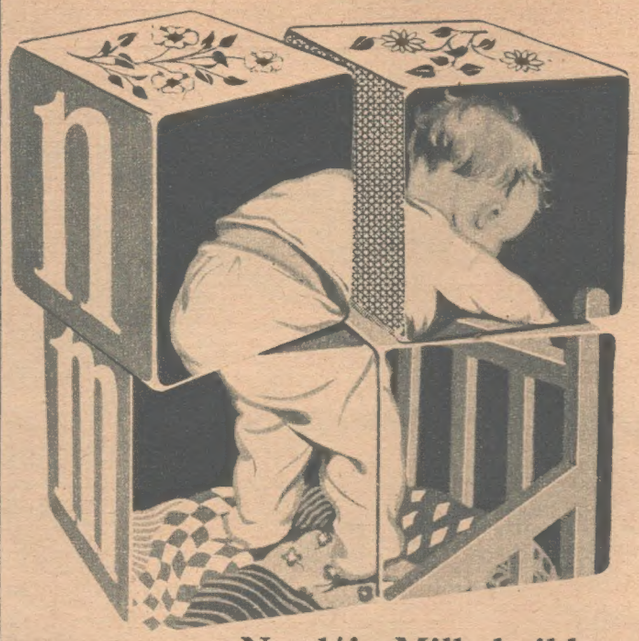
In 1939, thirty thousand horses were eaten in this country. Last year the number was more than doubled. The average price of a horse rose meanwhile from £20 to £50. Yet the controlled price of its meat stayed at 1s. a pound.

Probably we must face the fact that eating of horsemeat on a large scale has come to stay in Britain. Therefore the black market must be destroyed and safeguards provided both against destruction of our best home stocks and against cruelty in slaughtering.

To raise or abolish the unrealistic maximum retail price of 1s. a pound would enable honest dealers to compete successfully against black marketeers. To control rigorously the sale, transport and slaughter of horses would remove most of the other evils. And to enforce ruthlessly the catering regulations about horsemeat would protect the public from being swindled.

The Government should act forthwith along these lines. To delay means closing the stable door after the horse has been eaten.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
JULY 23, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2247 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON



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the pen planned for a purpose*

You cannot fail to admire the graceful lines of this newcomer to the Biro family.
Biroette is planned to give greater convenience as well as reliable service. It slips into a lady's handbag as neatly as it slides unobtrusively into a man's pocket. And feel how light it is—it glides over the paper like thistledown. Yet this slim elegance contrives to carry no small degree of writing service. Biroette refill inserts are specially designed for long life.
Biroette is so essentially just what is needed by so many people that it is sure of a welcome from the start.
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PRICE 13/9 (inc. tax)
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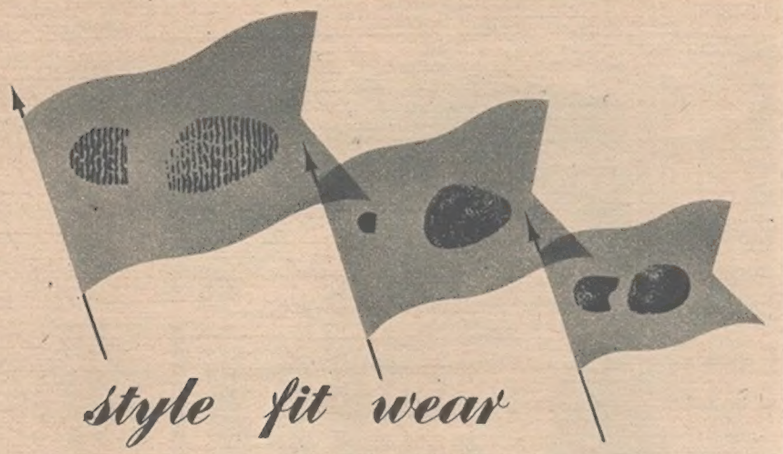
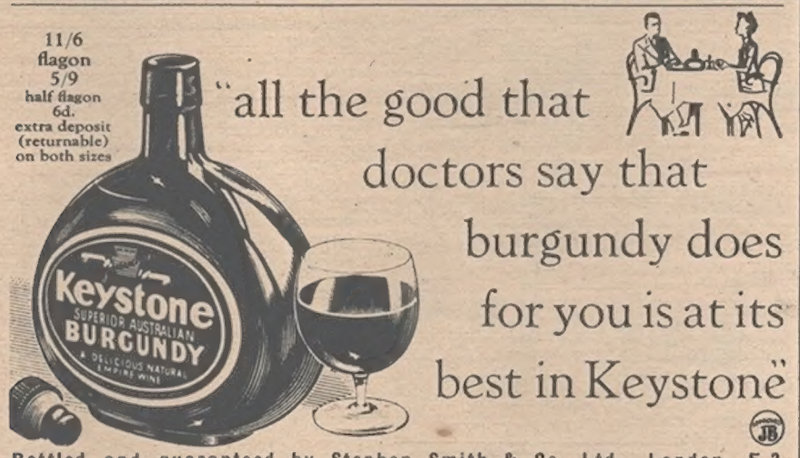
Biroette Regd.
A pen with a thought—for your convenience





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Free Speech

WHY CAN'T OUR HOUSEWIVES HAVE U.S. STANDARDS? TOO MUCH BELIEF IN SUPERSTITION; END BREACH OF PROMISE ACTIONS

UNFORTUNATELY, Patricia Morris, who wrote "I'm an American wife in Britain" (JOHN BULL, July 2), is quite right. We have got so used to making do with what we can get that the second-rate has become the accepted standard.

But it is now time to change all that. Let's make a start in the right direction and refuse to buy the rubbish offered in the shops at exorbitant prices. Let's reject bad tomatoes, stale vegetables and bruised fruit.

If we all did this, the retailers and wholesalers would be more careful in their buying and that would make the producers do better.

Let's try to get back to the "British is best" standard. Housewives, themselves, can make a start!—MRS. K. HOROWICZ, 25 Glenbuck Court, Surbiton, Surrey.

Mrs. Johnson

. . . Too long we housewives have taken the attitude that our jobs are secondary to those of our husbands. We just made do. If our husbands were asked to work with insufficient or out-of-date tools they would soon see that the whole country heard about it. And rightly so.—MRS. AILEEN JOHNSON, 26 Harrow Way, Watford, Herts.

. . . The article made my blood boil. I should like to see the man who would pass bad tomatoes off on me. And I have had an electric washer for thirteen years.—MRS. BAMFORD, 160 Crossbank Street, Oldham, Lancs.

. . . Thanks for Mrs. Morris's frank story. We are too modest and too dull to get things done. We, too, need refrigerators and washing machines badly. But the prices are always beyond us. And she's right about furnishings and furniture. They are both deadly dull and far too dear. We should wake up and let the world know what we want.—MRS. CATHERINE MOSS, 139 Claughton Avenue, Crewe, Cheshire.

. . . Patricia Morris infuriated me. Of course a refrigerator is a luxury in our climate. Washing machines and so on encourage sheer laziness, except where there are large families. By taking things more calmly and not panicking around switching things on and off, I think the average British housewife looks years younger than her American counterpart. —MRS. JEAN LEITCH, 74 Hedge End Road, Andover, Hants.

Parson On Superstition

ALTHOUGH WE ARE highly civilized, superstition still plays a big part in our lives. We keep our fingers crossed and touch wood just as if these practices can really make a difference to our luck.

Many people greet rain on July 15 with grave apprehension. Why? When the body of St. Swithin was being transferred from a grave on the north side of Winchester Cathedral to a shrine within that noble building 978 years ago, the transfer was impeded for forty days by heavy rain. This event, legendary or factual, gave rise to the superstition.—THE REV. P. BURNELL, The Manse, Talbot Road, Roker, Sunderland.

Law Of Revenge

BREACH OF PROMISE LAWS are now senseless and it is time they were abolished. They were justified in an era when the Jilted Miss lost her security and her only vocation, rarely having the chance of marrying again. But this does not apply now because a woman can follow many careers and is not considered any the worse for being jilted. The law has become merely a means for revenge or monetary gain.—MISS G. PANDY, 79 Derwendeg Avenue, Cefn Hengoed, Glam.

Heart In Right Place

THE PHOTOGRAPH illustrating Dr. Harvey Graham's article, "Baby will be fit after all" (JOHN BULL, July 2), aroused my curiosity. I have always understood the heart to be on the left side of the body but your photograph shows the incision for the operation to have been made on the right side. Is this the usual procedure?—C. B. KEENAN, Worcester Training College, Henwick Grove, Worcester.

⁂ *Dr. Harvey Graham writes: If a line is drawn down the centre of the body, two-thirds of the heart are on the left of it, one-third on the right. An incision on the right side is not unusual in such cases.*

Work To Live

WHY DOES THE AVERAGE woman live longer than the average man? The answer is that she never retires. Average life of a man after retirement is about two or three years. He is like a machine. If left unused, he quickly goes rusty.—J. DAMEREL, Dawlish, Devon.

Petts Comes Back

K. J. Petts

JOHN BULL'S story illustrations are usually first-rate, particularly those by K. J. Petts. He did some grand drawings for your serial *The Jacaranda Tree*, but since then we seem to have seen his work very rarely. His use of colour and his realization of the characters are so good that they help to make your stories live. I wish we could have more of him. Could you tell me something about him? Or is it her? —MISS KATHLEEN HOLMES, Luton, Beds.

⁂ *Petts (full name Kenneth John Petts) has been ill but returns to* JOHN BULL *this week with a full-page illustration to the Peter Cheyney story on page 17—incidentally an outstanding example of his colour work. He will illustrate our next serial and will in future be a regular contributor on the art side. Petts, who is forty-one, is a tall, broad-shouldered Londoner and a prolific worker who began as a film poster artist. He is married, with one son and one daughter.*

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

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As full of life as a dog on springs! Is your dog like that or does the warm Summer weather upset him? If it does, he's out of condition; *and he can't ask you for help.*

One P[illegible] Martin's once a day will purify and enrich his blood, and provide, in carefully balanced proportions, those substances which help a dog to enjoy life, to be frisky and friendly — because he's really fit. Start him on Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets today. They cost 8d. a packet, 1/8d. a large carton.

POOR CONDITION — watch for these common signs	LISTLESSNESS	LOSS OF APPETITE	POOR COAT
➡			

For doggy good health- Bob Martin's

Gibbs S.R. TOOTHPASTE

S.R. keeps teeth safe as well as white by keeping gums healthy. That's because it contains sodium ricinoleate which many dentists themselves use. S.R. penetrates the gums and stimulates resistance to disease. See your dentist twice a year and use S.R. twice a day. *1/4 and 2/- inc. tax.*

for sparkling teeth in healthy gums

GR 210-1014

Britain's "Safety Curtain"

. . . YOU can help put it up

Peace may well depend on there being a Radar safety curtain in the skies surrounding Britain. You can help put it up by joining a Fighter Control Unit of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force. Every Fighter Control Unit is manned by a large proportion of part-time volunteers. There is no more interesting way of spending your spare time. You work with the latest radar and radio aids, in company with people (many of them ex-airmen and airwomen) proud to be entrusted with so vital a task.

ROYAL AUXILIARY AIR FORCE *not only includes Fighter Control Units (men and women) but also Flying and Regiment Squadrons (men only)—all of whom train as complete units.*

R.A.F. VOLUNTEER RESERVE. *Aircrew and ground staff (men and women) who carry out non-continuous training at the Reserve Centre nearest their homes. Flying training is done at nearby Reserve Flying Schools.*

Join a Fighter Control Unit

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Please tell me (without obligation) how to join: (a) a Fighter Control Unit, (b) other spare time formations. (Cross out item not required).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Give rank, trade, number if ex-R.A.F. or ex-W.A.A.F.

You just can't ignore it!

WATCH YOUR COMB! Falling hair means starving hair, first step to baldness. It is nature's warning that your bodily supplies of hair foods are running low. Be warned in time. That hair can be saved. Saved by Silvikrin.

Silvikrin contains the foods your hair is dying for—Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital elements. For severe dandruff or loss of hair use Pure Silvikrin.

Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.

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THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

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is beer *in its prime*

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SO EASY TO DESERT A WIFE

Every day, five wives are deserted by their husbands. What can they do? Find them?

Not so easy. Make them pay? That's harder still

by ANNE BLYTHE

I HADN'T SEEN JEAN for five years. We had worked in a factory together during the war until, in 1944, Jean got married and went elsewhere. Last week I met her in the street. "How's your husband?" I asked. "I don't know," Jean said. "He walked out on me three years ago and I haven't set eyes on him since."

I asked her what she was doing about it. "Nothing," she said. "There's absolutely nothing that I can do. I went to the police, of course, and I suppose that they tried to trace him. But he left no address and I think he went abroad. Meanwhile I go out to work to keep myself and my two daughters alive."

Jean is no isolated instance. It is estimated that five women are deserted by their husbands in Britain every day. That figure is conservative and only applies to those cases that come before the courts. There are thousands of women who, because they hesitate to make their humiliation public or for other reasons, never report their plight.

25,000 Last Year

The total of those that do shows that wife desertion in this country is rapidly becoming a major social problem. Twenty-five thousand maintenance orders were granted to deserted women last year. Applications for another eighty thousand were refused in magistrates' courts, while over seventy thousand women are getting no maintenance at all because their husbands, like Jean's, have disappeared or are so hopelessly in arrears that the chances of even a small payment are for all practical purposes nil.

It is almost certain that Jean will never see her husband again. Men who wilfully desert their wives take good care to cover their tracks.

Jean thinks her husband has gone to Eire. Even if he were traced in that country she would still be helpless, as it is impossible to have a court order served on him while he is there. This applies equally, of course, to the hundreds of British girls who married citizens of other countries—Americans, Canadians, Frenchmen and Belgians—and who were deserted when their husbands returned home after the war.

Job To Trace Them

Jean did what she could. But the machinery for tracing missing men is pathetically inadequate. If the man has disappeared wilfully and is not "missing" in the suspicious sense, the overworked police cannot be expected to undertake more than a routine inquiry, and Jean could not afford to employ a private detective.

Luckily for Jean, she is young and strong and can go out to work. Luckily, too, she has a family that looks after her children.

But a deserted wife who is elderly or too frail to work, or has to devote all her time to her children, must apply to the National Assistance Board for relief. She will get a small weekly sum, enough to keep her alive with a roof over her head, but she will have become a public liability.

Every town and county must foot a bill for missing husbands. In Glamorgan, in one year, 1,341 cases came before the National Assistance Board Committees, and, as a result, nearly 4,000 women and children were maintained by the

Wives who leave children in day nurseries while they work to make ends meet, face allowance cut

taxpayer. In Glasgow £50,000 of public money goes on stranded families; in Cardiff the amount is £11,000, in Edinburgh more than £30,000 a year.

These figures will not become any less as time goes on. On the contrary, the records show that wife desertion is on the increase. It is far too easy at the moment for a man to leave his wife and family and wash his hands of all responsibility.

Once a man reaches Eire or anywhere outside the British Commonwealth (where maintenance orders made in this country can be enforced), he is beyond the jurisdiction of British courts. But there is a bolt hole far nearer home: the Channel Islands.

Arriving Every Month

In Jersey, since the war ended, 169 cases have been checked by the Jersey police, and several more absconders are known to arrive every month. According to the Attorney-General of Guernsey, more than three hundred English husbands have taken employment in the Islands in order to avoid payment of maintenance orders served on them in this country.

The Home Office is trying to work out a reciprocal agreement with the Channel Islands and with Eire to remedy this; but at the moment any husband can be quit of family responsibility for £5 and two hours' flying.

Wife desertion is not made any more difficult by the Army authorities. According to their regulations a man can still take his demobilization abroad without any reference to his wife at home. Anyone who has been back to the Continent since the war knows that there are many married Englishmen who have set themselves up in France and Belgium with no intention of returning home.

I know an ex-R.A.F corporal, with a wife and two children living in Exeter, who had himself demobilized in Rouen. He is still there, living with a Frenchwoman who owns a café.

His allowance to his wife ceased, of course, the moment he was demobilized. His wife is ill (her husband has never seen their second child) and lives on public assistance.

Even if a wife traces her husband and obtains a court order for maintenance, she is, in thousands of cases, little better off.

Based On Husband's Pay

The usual procedure is for husband and wife to attend court together while the magistrate fixes a sum based on the husband's income. That sounds hopeful and fair but, according to a law of 1885, the sum decided on may not exceed £2 a week for the wife and 10s. for each child. This sum is on the point of being raised to £5 a week; but the increase only applies to those women who were already receiving the maximum rate. Such women were very few.

Usually it is considerably less than this, for the husband's cost of living —clothes, train fares, etc.—is calculated and considered first.

Recently, in Birmingham, a man earning £1,200 a year was told to pay £3 a week to his wife and two children, but the average maintenance for a wife and one child is about thirty shillings a week, a sum which hardly reaches the subsistence level. Having got this pittance, a woman might well be thought safe from further trouble. But if she goes out to work, and should her husband hear that she is earning a living wage, he can apply to the court to have the maintenance reduced.

This happened to Mrs. A., a London woman deserted by her husband in 1947, before her second child was born. The court awarded the pregnant wife fifteen shillings a week and the child half a crown. When the baby arrived this sum was changed to 17s. 6d. for the wife and five shillings each for the children.

Last year, Mrs. A. got a job, and her husband immediately applied for the total maintenance to be reduced to fifteen shillings because "he now had two illegitimate children to keep." Now that Mrs. A.'s elder child has reached the age of sixteen, the maintenance is down to 12s. 6d. a week. Some men will go to any lengths to pay the minimum of legal maintenance. One husband, with a flourishing business, left his wife for a younger woman who had been his secretary. When his wife took him to court she was astonished to find that he had transferred the business to his mistress and had officially become her employee at a salary of £4 a week. And on that basis the wife was awarded £1 weekly for herself and the child.

To get the court order is one thing; to get the maintenance money is another. No figures are available for the number of husbands defaulting every week, but of those who do pay, less than half give the sum ordered.

Money has to be paid into the local court, and one of the most humiliating things for a deserted wife is her wait in the long queue of hopeless women that stands outside any magistrate's court on "pay day."

Legally, if a man fails to pay after being summoned for default, a warrant is issued to enforce payment. If he still refuses to pay he can go to prison for a maximum of three months, and any sentence he serves wipes out arrears of maintenance. Many husbands, taking advantage of this, go to prison regularly and escape payment altogether.

Two thousand men did so last year. One, a Bristol man, owed £800 to his wife; in another West Country case the sum was nearly £2,000. After serving a three-month sentence, they were absolved of every penny.

The solution, of course, is for the wife to apply for a committal order before the arrears have accumulated. But court officers advise wives against pressing for warrants. "What's the use of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs?" they tell them. "If we arrest him and he goes to jail, you get nothing. Better wait. He might pay something next week or next month."

"I've been going down to the court every Saturday for five months," a London woman told me. "I write in and telephone but seldom get a reply. Last Saturday they had fifteen shillings for me, and I am supposed to maintain myself on that! My husband now owes me £27."

A woman from Leeds who married an R.A.F. officer in 1941 was deserted by him five months after his demob. She traced him to Devonshire, where he was living with a Belgian woman he met while serving abroad.

The wife obtained an order for thirty-five shillings a week. She gets a little of this sum very irregularly, but refuses to apply for a summons because of an unwarranted fear of publicity. Her husband is £109 in arrears.

A large proportion of deserting husbands are ex-Servicemen. Of the 2,182 jailed in 1948 for non-payment of maintenance orders, 863 had been in the Forces, and most of these were under thirty years of age.

The war, in fact, can be justly blamed for many broken homes. Under its conditions of stress, when it was almost fashionable to disregard the future, young people contracted speedy and thoughtless marriages with partners about whose integrity and background they knew nothing.

Met Other Men

Homes were scarce and partings frequent. Husbands were sent abroad at short notice, and wives went into industry and the company of men. Inevitably, men and women got ideas about freedom that they would never have entertained otherwise.

The idea of the husband as the legal breadwinner in marriage began to lose its force. A man no longer felt that without the weekly pay packet his family would be on the rocks. Wives earned as much as their husbands—sometimes much more. Many husbands used this argument in the courts.

"She's been earning seven pounds a week while I have been on Army pay. She can go on doing it. Why should I work to keep her?"

Or husbands who had never known marriage in prewar days came back and discovered that it meant doing without a lot of things: friends, gambling, beer and holidays. They didn't like it, and when the break-up came with their wives they walked out as calmly as if marriage was something to be abandoned at will.

Changed His Name

The law seemed to bear them out. Eire, the Channel Islands, emigration, or simply changing one's name and going to work elsewhere appealed as beautifully simple methods of release from tiresome responsibilities.

A Hastings man, for instance, changed his name merely by walking into a National Registration office and asking that it be done. It was eccentric but perfectly legal, as the Ministry of Health admitted when the man was arrested for leaving his wife and family chargeable to public assistance.

Against such loopholes as these, organizations like the Married Women's Association and the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association are working overtime. Apart from dealing with individual cases of distress and desertion, they maintain a continual offensive against official apathy in the cause of effective legislation for deserted wives.

Members of Parliament are lobbied; deputations go to Ministries; literature is distributed—nothing is neglected that might serve to bring this social problem into the light of public conscience. Broken marriages are nothing new in any society. But, the M.W.A. points out in one of its pamphlets, there is legal machinery to deal with divorce; there is none that will give justice and security to the 100,000 victims of desertion.

Organization That's Needed

Welfare organizations, morality councils and similar bodies can often rescue isolated cases where genuine misunderstanding or inexperience led to the break. But they can do nothing against conditions that encourage the cynical and unscrupulous to abrogate their responsibilities.

In France, Scotland, Canada and Norway, for example, maintenance allowances and arrears of payment are deducted, on the P.A.Y.E. system, from the wages of all absconding husbands that are traced. The Admiralty, unlike the War Office, has made it impossible for officers and men to be demobilized abroad unless a satisfactory provision has been made for the families concerned.

In spite of the extra departmental work, some organization could be set up by the Government to trace wife-deserters through the ordinary means of National Registration, Insurance and identity cards. The Home Office might speed up negotiations already under way with Eire and the Channel Islands to make the colonies of British husbands existing in those places face their liabilities.

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High Jinks in Santa Fé

LAP 3: We see tired business men relax (U.S. version) . . . an American disgrace—the "untouchables" in their hovels . . . and an American miracle—Boulder Dam

WE HAD BEEN steadily climbing up hill for hundreds of miles, in the old yellow bus that was our mobile home, when suddenly a billboard with nothing to sell cried: "Here Come The Mountains!" And, sure enough, a few yards on, at the top of the next incline, we could see the Rocky Mountains stretching along the far horizon with caps of snow.

Seven thousand feet above sea-level, in the hollow of a mountain range, we came to Santa Fé, one of the oldest towns in America. Here was a contrast to the squalid shacks and minor pattern of the average American town. The first house we saw was square, and pink in colour, with a plaster wall. We learned that this was *adobe*, the traditional Spanish - American architecture, with walls made of dried mud.

Walking along the streets, sitting in the sunny Plaza, were men of many races, Spaniards, Mexicans, white Americans and, most colourful in their jewels and exotic dress, Indians (I cannot call them Red Indians, because nobody does there, and there is nothing red about them—indeed, there is nothing Indian about them either).

Santa Fé is a refuge for many people running away from the harshness of some parts of America. Writers and artists and tourists crowd its streets; and the golden mountains which cradle it make one aware of the magical beauty of the land. The neon signs which disfigure the rest of the American civilization are there as well, but the old *adobe* buildings absorb them with good grace.

The Shriners Move In

But even Santa Fé could not withstand an onslaught we witnessed from the Shriners. The Shriners are a peculiarly American branch of a Masonic movement. Part of their cult is to dress up as Eastern potentates, complete with fez and sometimes robes, and call themselves by such Oriental titles as "Grand Vizier." They are harmless enough, just business men working off some of their inhibitions, but when they publicly parade in their regalia they look a little silly, even objectionable.

They took over Santa Fé one Saturday for a convention, part of which was to initiate new members. This consisted in some of the neophytes dressing up as animals, women and so on, daubing their faces and acting generally in a manner usually associated with fancy dress brawls. Their uncouth and unsober antics represented for us the bespoiling by the commercial American civilization of the beauty of America. When they had driven off in their Packards, Santa Fé was not the same. We decided to resume our journey to California.

A few miles out of town, we came across the first of thousands of little mud huts which stood in the fields. Some were square, some were igloo-shaped, and all were small. In them lived the original Americans: Navajo, Hopi and Zuni Indians, dispossessed and left in poverty as abject as any in the world.

The tourists who flash by in their cars gaze out on the *hogans*, as these hovels are called, and sometimes stop for a moment to buy a piece of pottery or weaving from a roadside hut. Last year, the conscience of the nation was sufficiently pricked for Congress to vote a relief plan for the starving Navajos, but their problems remain.

Driving through this country, I noticed a group of Indians in American sports clothes walking in the direction we were going. As they were miles from anywhere, I stopped and offered them a lift. A girl and three youths clambered aboard and told us of their struggles with their elders.

The men had fought in the war and, now they were back, wanted to live as Americans, not Indians. The elder members of the *pueblo* fought against such ideas, so they were thinking of leaving their fathers and their homes. But out in the white world they came up against colour prejudice, finding themselves ranked with Negroes as untouchables.

"One of our girls," they said in bitterness, "was arrested. She, the daughter of a family which was in America long before the *Mayflower* sailed. She was charged with being an alien without papers! They released her in the end, but that is the sort of thing we are up against."

And it is the sort of thing that all people of the wrong race, colour or religion are up against in the land of the free.

Late one afternoon, after a slow and cautious drive in the blinding sun along a winding road cut in the side of the mountain, we arrived at the entrance to the Grand Canyon national park, paid our dollar, and drove our home-on-wheels to the edge of the canyon.

Out Of This World

It seemed for a moment that the earth had split open and in this great gap I was looking at an earlier form of the planet's existence, when it was swinging in space before life grew upon it. All was still down there in the pink, sunken mountains, except for the slightest movement, a mile deep, where the Colorado River seemed to drift sluggishly along. It was really racing, of course.

Anybody who looks across the fourteen mile gap must experience a sense of timelessness. It is out of time, it is just *there*; and it makes the ceaseless activity of human beings in any society, particularly enterprising America, seem pitiful and pointless.

The farther west we went, the nearer we came to the Mojave Desert and the stranger the country became. The rocks made fantastic patterns against the sky; we came to a deep gorge which stretched either side of the road with wholly jagged sides. We climbed again, paused, and swept down into Boulder Creek, where, imposed on this massive rock formation, stood a tall, white concrete bridge, with a deep blue lake this side of it.

Ahead Of Its Time

This was Boulder Dam. From the pass in the mountains high above, it looked like a model for *The Shape of Things to Come*, and the feeling that it was hundreds of years ahead of its time never left me as we explored its mechanism and leaned over the far parapet, seeing the Colorado River again, now being power-pressed thousands of feet below through the bottom of this sheer, eliptical wall.

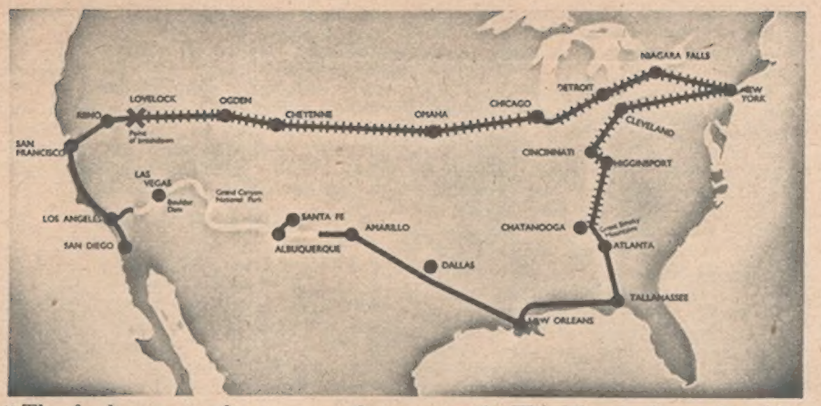
Standing on that bridge I felt an intense admiration for American skill and engineering. I admired the *conception* of such a gigantic undertaking even more than the realization. Boulder Dam stands as a symbol of the credit side of American civilization.

The next day we drove along a road which ran over a desert between two ranges of mountains. We were sixty miles along the road, and not even halfway to the next town, and I had just remarked how uncomfortable it would be to get stranded there, when the generator fell on to the radiator again.

It was quite a while before a car pulled up in answer to my frenzied waving and shouting, and I think the man from Kansas and his wife, who did take us back those sixty miles, were a little suspicious. The whole way, they did not stop asking us questions about ourselves and what we were doing there. But many Americans are like that, sharp and suspicious. It is one way of being friendly.

A breakdown truck took us back to our old bus, and, after the repair men had patched up the radiator, we set off

The dispossessed Navajo Indians live in out-of-town hovels—a comedown for the "original" Americans



"The farther west, the stranger the country." Third lap is shown in white

again. It was so hot the next day in the Las Vegas that we abandoned the bus during day time and went first to the air-conditioned pictures and then wandered round the gambling shops.

The State of Nevada is the only one in the Union where gambling and prostitution are legal, and the only one where the gambler has a fair chance of winning.

There is very much more undisguised debauchery in America than in England. Gambling joints exist in almost every town, sometimes under cover, like the speakeasies in Mississippi where there is still prohibition; sometimes semi-openly as in Kentucky, where the police and state authorities are generally understood to be lenient, particularly if encouraged with a share in the profits.

An ex-croupier who had worked in a northern Kentucky town told me about civic corruption there. "One day the police come along and they put up No Parking signs along the street where the club is. The boss phones up the Mayor and says: 'Look here, Mike, if you want business to stay good, you better take these things down.' So next day the police come along and they take down the sign outside the club. But they leave up the ones outside the grocery and the drug-store. Hell, they didn't pay no protection, did they?"

To Suit All Pockets

There are something like fifty gambling shops (called "clubs" though nobody has to be a member to get in) in Las Vegas, ranging from little booths with half a dozen "one-armed bandits," as fruit machines are called, to elaborate department stores of gambling. We went into one of these. The first department was the fruit machines. There are machines to suit all pockets, from "penny" (one cent) slots, up to a row of machines which take only silver dollars.

The state encourages visitors to Nevada to use the heavy, bulky silver dollar (about the size of the now almost extinct English crown) instead of the paper money in general use, because it is much easier to gamble with.

We passed through the avenues of busily twinkling cherries, lemons and bells, resisting the large signs on the top of each machine giving the size of its jackpot, and found ourselves in a clearing where hard-faced men and women wearing neckties embellished with the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce slogan of "Hiya, pardner!" dealt out cards on semi-circular tables.

This was the game of Blackjack: Twenty-One, as I used to know it in the innocence of Christmas parties at home. Apparently one just put down a coin if one wished to play, and was given a card. I did this, looked at the second card and, clearing my throat, said "Twist" in a small voice.

The man behind the table looked at me severely. Still without saying a word, he shook his head and scratched some cards on the table, indicating that this was how I must ask for another card. I scratched, and won that hand. By the time I left, I was a dollar ahead.

This I changed into quarters and proceeded to lose it in other departments. I played *roulette* and *chemin de fer*. I marked ten numbers on a card and then watched the numbered balls being drawn out of a cage, a process which occurred every five minutes. Mine were not among them.

I bet a hard-faced individual with a "Howdy Pardner" tie that the two dice he threw would not add up to more than seven, and, strangely enough, I was right. I took a card in a game of bingo that was going on in a back room, where long rows of withered old women sat day and night, waiting for their card to be lucky.

In another part of the building I was pressed to sit down and was handed a copy of the *Racing Form*. A loudspeaker droned continually, giving the results of the horse races, and a charming young woman employed by the management offered to take bets for me.

When we had wandered round the ground floor, we stepped on an escalator, painted in a delicate shade of pink, and were borne to the upper floor, where a game was in progress which involved throwing dice on a green baize covered table and moving money around like counters at backgammon. I never discovered the rules or even the name of this pastime — clearly an admission of ignorance would have been a mistake —so we allowed another escalator to save us the trouble of walking downstairs.

Here, after another session with the Blackjack boys, we fought our way through the milling crowd in an effort to reach the fresh air. But a courteous official pressed into our hands a ticket with the number 457 upon it and told us we should wait to see if we won anything in the free raffle which was drawn every hour, on the hour.

But the need for fresh air was too great, and I still do not know whether fifty dollars is waiting for me in Las Vegas. I doubt if it is.

It was getting dark and the air was cooler. We determined to try to get across the Mojave Desert that night. The daytime heat would have overstrained the engine. We had to complete the three hundred miles by morning.

All round us, as dusk fell, the desert closed in. The road stretched unending in front of us and the low, craggy hills and giant cacti made fantastic patterns on the greying sky. Soon it was dark.

We drove as fast as we could, our headlights glued to the white dashes in the road. Headlights from the other direction would blind us for a moment; then out of the blackness would come a faint red glow, indicating that somewhere far ahead along the ever-straight roads would be a filling station, with a snack counter where we could get a cup of coffee to save making it. The minutes would go by and, perhaps ten miles after we saw the first hint of the oasis, we would be able to read the neon sign: "JOE'S."

A Family Trek

After several hours of hard pushing we pulled in at one of these places, where an old Chevrolet, loaded with luggage, was boiling over. Inside the car were four small children and a drawn woman. They were one of the hundreds of families who trek across the continent every year in the hope that California will solve their problems of poverty.

We found the father of the family in the hut. He had yet another child with him, a boy about six, who was pleading for a candy bar.

"No," said the father roughly. And, because he was still in the state of Nevada, he turned to the fruit machine which stands in every shop in the state, and put his nickel in there. The tumblers whirled and clicked and came to rest. He got nothing, and turned on his heel, calling to the child to follow him back to his steaming car, to try to get the jackpot out of California.

NEXT ARTICLE—California: what has happened to the dreams of the pioneers?

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

Elkan and Dorotheen Allan plan the night crossing of the Mojave Desert. By day, the heat was too great

TRUNK CALL

by LIONEL DAVIDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

There was really no need for his wife to hide the fact that her lover was phoning her. He knew all about the affair. Indeed, he had already planned to the last detail how it was to end

"If you like, darling, you can fasten my pearls," said his wife. Montague could have laughed. It was too easy

AT HALF PAST NINE the telephone rang. Mr. Montague had been expecting it to ring. For an hour he had sat behind his newspaper in the lounge, comfortably aware of his wife's rising nervousness, and the fact that she was mentally willing him to retire, as he usually did, to his study.

He laid aside his newspaper.

"Don't bother, my dear," he said. "I'll answer it."

But already his wife had streaked out of her chair to the telephone. And, he noticed with satisfaction, her hands were trembling, her face pale, as she lifted the receiver.

Mr. Montague carefully folded the paper, took a cigar out of his case, and after lighting it, watched his wife with interest.

"Who?" she said. "Julian? Oh, Julian the hairdresser."

She was speaking, Mr. Montague noticed, in an unusually high tone. She was trying to convey two things to two people. To her husband, she wished to convey that it was an unexpected call from her hairdresser. To the man ringing her up, she wished to convey that her husband was in the room.

Mr. Montague smoked his cigar appreciatively, and sat back to enjoy it.

"I'm glad you *have* telephoned," she was saying. "I shan't be able to manage my usual time tomorrow. No. I'm going away on a visit to my mother. About a month, I imagine. Can you possibly fit me in at one o'clock? No, I just can't manage it later. I have masses of shopping to do and I'm catching a train at six. I'm trying to dovetail everything in, and I've got a car calling for my trunk at five thirty."

Mr. Montague examined the end of his cigar. Just a last-minute check-up, he told himself. Since the minute he had arrived home from the office and noticed his wife's nervousness, he had known the other man would ring.

"That is of course," his wife went on, her voice a little louder, "if my mother doesn't send a message asking me to postpone my visit."

Not very good, Mr. Montague decided critically. Now she was straining it a little. Would one, after all, give all these details to one's hairdresser?

He picked up the newspaper again, and held it up in front of his face. Now, his wife could not see him.

You dumb bitch, he told her, quietly, and to himself. *You unspeakably brainless little zany. You nasty, addle-brained little slut.*

But he was listening intently, careful not to crackle the paper. He must not miss a word of it. There might be some change of arrangement, some small, vital detail which would throw his plan out.

Mr. Montague was a small, pink, doll-like man. His plump figure, his bright blue eyes, his little light moustache, gave him an air of mild, abstracted astonishment, as though a friend had surprised him in the act of changing his trousers. But few things, in fact, surprised Mr. Montague.

He had known of the other man for some time. He had at first experienced no violent feeling towards him. Indeed, it had been some years since he had experienced violent feeling about anything.

Realizing as soon as the novelty of marriage had worn off, that his wife was a hopeless nitwit, he had almost immediately lost all interest in her. And as, despite her limited mental capacity, she was a healthy and full-blooded woman, with all a normal woman's craving for affection and companionship, he knew that at some stage trouble would occur.

When he discovered that it had, he experienced a few moments of irritation; and then, by careful and unobtrusive observation, he had found out all that was to be known.

With something like French tolerance, he had even achieved a certain satisfaction in the thought that now his wife was being kept occupied, she would cease to bore him with her irritating attentions. So long as the thing were kept within discreet bounds and Greta didn't make an ass of herself, he felt, everything was fine.

A little romantic interest would do no harm. There could, of course, be no question of a *grande affaire*. The woman did not know how to love. There was no depth in her, no prospect of sudden, unknown currents.

And so he had let it run on. It was not until his sister Hettie, a gossiping, managing woman whom he had always faintly disliked, had called at the office one day, that he had realized the extent of his mistake. It was his first intimation that anyone except himself knew about the little affair.

"It is really too disgraceful," Hettie had said. "A wretched little drummer from one of those awful tea dance places!"

"Perhaps an indiscreet friendship . . .?" he suggested mildly.

"Indiscreet if you like. Friendship my eye!" Hettie flicked her gloves on his hands as he reached absent-mindedly for some papers. "And please stop fiddling. Don't you realize you're becoming the laughing stock of the place?"

SHE waited for the tell-tale flicker that showed she had touched a sore spot.

"I hear of nothing else wherever I go. They're mooning about everywhere. And what a man! He's a greasy little dago with crinkly hair and sideboards. I've never seen him playing his ridiculous drums, but a friend tells me he goes into a sort of fit. He certainly looks a bit weak in the head. And if you want my opinion, I think Greta must be, too."

"I don't really see——" he began, when Hettie broke in again.

"And another thing. . . ." She paused, and he noticed a curious gleam in her eye, as though another, more malicious person were watching him through the same eyes. "And another thing—something that might be a bit more serious. He's taking a month off."

He didn't quite understand, waited for her to go on.

Hettie began putting her gloves on.

"I thought I'd better tell you." She was examining her gloves carefully. "I remember Greta saying something the other day about going to visit her mother for a while."

Suddenly, he wanted to brain her. Anger came flooding up from his toes. But he said easily: "Yes, the old lady hasn't been enjoying very good health. Nothing serious, you know. Just a little run down. A visit from Greta would do her good."

He saw the annoyance crackle in her eye as she checked herself from saying anything further. Then he accompanied her to the door, and they kissed warmly.

But the minute she had gone, he sat down, feeling quite sick with fury, and tried to think it out.

It was true, of course. He saw immediately that it was true. He had thought himself complete master of the situation, quite the little Napoleon, reconnoitring, deploying, containing the forces against him, bottling them up, yet allowing them to play. And all the while they were making a fool of him. It was serious.

His rage had given way to incredulity. For a few days he watched his wife furtively. Weeks ago, he had noted the vacant look in her eye as she tried to read a book, her juvenile day dreams over her work basket, the sudden silly smile that would spread over her features. But now it was different. There were shadows under her eyes. Her face was thin and pale. Incredible as it was, the creature was in love. There was no doubt of it.

And when he gave her his perfunctory morning and evening kiss, he sensed that she was bracing herself, almost detected the shudder of revulsion.

The incredulity had changed to horror, and then to a deep, corroding anger. She would pay for this. But how to get at her? Separation, divorce . . . that would not hurt. Indeed, she might welcome it.

And then, learning a little more of their

intentions, he had thought up his scheme.

Now, watching the colour come back into his wife's face as she replaced the receiver, he realized that there was no last-minute hitch, that his plan could go ahead.

"Julian," she said. "The hairdresser. Of all times to ring. . . ." She took a cigarette from the cabinet and lit it with the table lighter.

"Late business hours. . . ."said Mr. Montague.

"I usually ring to confirm my appointment, and this time I forgot," she said. She went on to tell him why she had forgotten. But now Mr. Montague was not listening. He had learned long ago how to shut himself off from his wife as she rambled on, while preserving on his face the same expression of gentle attention.

Oh, hateful wretch, thought Mr. Montague. *Oh, deceitful bitch. Oh, unspeakable, unmentionable slattern.*

But now he knew where he stood. No distracting details, no last-minute change of plan, no improvisation at the last moment.

His wife would be at the hairdresser's from one until two in the afternoon, as he had verified for himself earlier in the week. She would then return to see that Mrs. Buckle, the servant, had packed everything she needed. Mrs. Buckle would by this time be out, for she would be visiting her sister at the hospital between two and four.

After a quick inspection of the trunk, his wife would lock it, and then go out shopping, not returning again to the house.

A private hire car would meanwhile call for the trunk at five thirty, and Mrs. Buckle would have the man carry it down from the bedroom. Only, as Mr. Montague knew, it wouldn't be a private hire car, and the man wouldn't be a chauffeur, and neither would his wife be catching a train. The two of them intended to travel by car.

It was ingenious, he had to admit. But so too, he thought with modest pride, was his own plan.

BEFORE leaving home for the office next morning, he kissed his wife goodbye, hoped she would have a good journey, and asked that his affectionate regards should be given to his mother-in-law. To the servant he said: "Don't bother to wait for me, Mrs. Buckle. I shall probably sleep at the club tonight."

Habitually, Mr. Montague lunched at one o'clock. Today, he waited till a little after two. And instead of going to his club, he drove home.

He let himself in with his latchkey, noting from the hat and coat flung carelessly over the hall table that his wife had returned.

"My dear!" he called.

There were quick footsteps upstairs and his wife's head peered over the banisters.

"Edwin! You startled me. I wasn't expecting you."

Mr. Montague smiled and began walking upstairs.

"A little surprise," he said. "After all, our leave-taking was a trifle abrupt this morning. I won't have your company for a whole month."

His wife's face relaxed.

"That was nice of you, dear. But I'm so busy." She hurried back into her room.

Mr. Montague followed her in.

"I'll be lonely," he said whimsically. "A grass widower."

His wife had seated herself at her dressing table, and was squaring the edges of a net that she wore over her newly-set hair.

"If you like, darling," she said, speaking into the mirror, "you can fasten my pearls. It will save me time."

"Certainly, my dear."

Mr. Montague could have laughed. It was too easy. He picked up the string of pearls, encircled her neck with it, and snapped the catch.

Goodbye, he said to her soundlessly. *Goodbye, and good riddance. You empty-headed moron. You zombie. You all things that are hateful.*

"It will be a long month," his wife said into the mirror.

"It will indeed," Mr. Montague agreed. Then he took out the handkerchief-wrapped hammer from his overcoat pocket and hit her on the head.

His hand did not travel far, but it travelled very fast. The force of the blow knocked her sideways off the seat. She did not make a sound.

Mr. Montague let out his breath, and stood for a moment looking distastefully at the hammer. There was blood on it. It had been too quick and simple, this act of revenge, and now he felt a sense of anti-climax. The tight little spring of anger was still wound up in him. The single act of banging her on the head, satisfactory as it was, provided no relief. That would come later, he hoped. The real satisfaction would begin with the second stage of his scheme.

Taking a folded newspaper from his pocket, he split the pages, placed one under the hammer, which he rested carefully on the dressing table, and the other under his wife's head on the carpet.

Then he went to the open trunk and began removing the contents. It was a large trunk, and, as he had calculated, it was not necessary to remove them all. He placed them in an orderly pile on the carpet, and then examined his wife.

Bending down, he felt her pulse. It was quite still. Then he listened carefully to her heart. She was dead, he decided; stone dead. He wrapped a towel carefully round her head, from which a little blood had seeped, and then, picking her up, placed her in the trunk.

After strapping it down, he looked in the little vanity drawer of the dressing table for the keys, locked the trunk, and slipped the keys in his pocket.

After placing in the drawers the clothing he had removed from the trunk, and picking up the hammer, he looked carefully round the room. Everything, he decided, was as it should be. All that remained was to dispose of the hammer.

Mrs. Buckle would return in an hour or two, hand over the trunk to the young man, and the affair would be out of his hands. The fellow would have an anxious time of it, he supposed, wondering what had happened to her; quite an anxious time. In a day or two Mr. Montague proposed to ring up her mother, puzzled at not hearing from his wife. She would not, of course, be there, and he would then put the matter in the hands of the police.

A certain young man, Mr. Montague reflected with satisfaction as he walked downstairs, a certain young man would have quite a job wriggling out of a murder charge. And that disposed of the pair of them.

And then, in the hall, he noticed Greta's hat and coat flung untidily over the table. Of course; he had forgotten. Hurriedly running upstairs, he opened the trunk, tucked in the coat, and locked it again.

RETURNING briskly downstairs, he wrapped up the hammer in newspaper, and was about to open the front door when the phone began to ring. He reached automatically towards it; and then he paused. That would be a foolish thing! He was not supposed to be in the house.

The bell set his nerves jangling, and he left quickly, hearing it ringing as he walked out to his car. It was still ringing as he drove away. Little things like that, he told himself, could ruin many a well thought out scheme.

He toyed with his lunch at the club. And in the evening his appetite was no better. But somehow he managed to get through his work at the office. After dinner, at the club again, he took a long constitutional, and dropped the hammer in the river.

But he slept well and soundly, as he always did when he was worried, and though tempted in the morning to pay a quick visit home to see that all had gone smoothly, he resisted the temptation.

Sleep had settled his mind, and now he was looking forward keenly to the progress of his plan. After a hard day's work, and with a pleasantly aroused appetite, he drove home, let himself in, and called cheerfully for Mrs. Buckle.

She was upstairs, and feeling that a wash would refresh him after his drive, he walked up.

"Everything go off all right?" he asked her. "Mrs. Montague got away I suppose?"

Mrs. Buckle looked at him, puzzled. "Well, I don't know, sir. A young man's bin ringing up all last night and this morning to say he's ringing for Mrs. Montague's mother, and would she postpone the visit for a week."

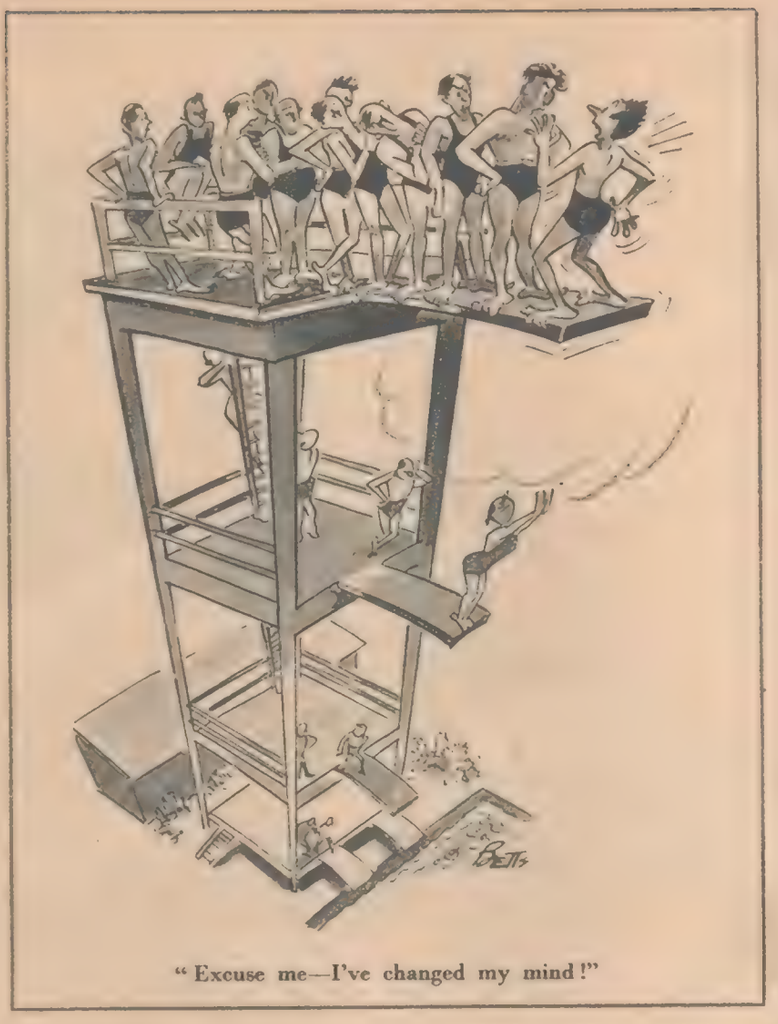
Mr. Montague stood very still.

"A week? And what about the trunk? Hasn't it gone?"

"Well, no sir. That's what's bin puzzling me. Nobody calling for the trunk, and no word from Mrs. Montague. Only this young man kep' on ringing up. . . ."

But Mr. Montague was not listening. He had walked through to the bedroom.

There it was, locked, strapped, well-filled, exactly as he had left it. And, he realized dully, nobody would be collecting it now.



"Excuse me—I've changed my mind!"

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Powerful Thinking

THERE is one thing that stands out with startling clearness in this troubled world. Probably never before have we seen so many people doing things because of a passionate belief that what they are doing is right.

Nor are these people very interested in those who oppose them. In every clash of ideas, it seems incredible to the protagonists that the other side can be so patently wrong and yet be unaware of it.

Make no mistake. The men who move the world are those who do not let the world move them. That is why it was never more important for us to do our own thinking. The world is as full of self-deception as it is of fervour.

Thoughts can be the most powerful force in the world. We should all make very sure that our own are sound.

SIX SUMMERS

PAUL HOLT, famous travelling columnist and brilliant war correspondent, was asked by John Bull to write a new series of articles about the places he has visited and the people he has met. Holt picked his own subjects and his own title. Each of his six articles tells a personal story with a summer setting. Some will recall events which were vital to the world, others describe incidents significant only to himself. Holt's shrewd eye for detail and his entertaining pen illuminate them all. Here, beginning the series, he writes of an Atlantic crossing on an American cargo ship in the gay, deceptive calm of 1939. It is a witty, provocative commentary on the prewar scene, a glimpse back into a world that is gone

Those last days of peace

by PAUL HOLT

IT was the last summer of the peace and it seemed as if the world had gone to sleep. Munich was forgotten and the people were bustling about their own infinitesimal affairs in the sunshine. We were all like boxers having a nap before entering the ring.

The only sign of militarism was the coats the women wore then. They were very, very cavalry, with padded square shoulders and lots and lots of buttons down the front. The women wore them, I remember, with hats that came down sharply over the forehead. By the time these hats reached the crown of the head they stopped and they were only held back from slipping over the nose by velvet bands around the back of the head, like chinstraps in reverse.

With all this, women carried enormous handbags, bigger and bulkier than nosebags. The skirt length was then about sixteen inches from the ground and the general impression was of something brisk and tight and tailored.

That true sartorial instinct of the female should have warned all but the blind there was a war coming.

I was going to America on a job with two friends that summer and as we had to work on the other side we decided to take the slowest ship we could find in London river, just to have a holiday on the way. Our wives drove us to the King George V Dock.

There she lay. What a beauty! Seven thousand tons of weathered, flaking, reeking magnificence. One funnel and no masts, but in place of them two sets of square-rigged hauling gear like monstrous tuning forks.

She smelled of donkey engine in every inch and we were entranced.

I remember there was a great shouting and clanking going on all the time we were saying goodbye and waving and our wives were waving back from the quayside with the red roses we had given them. They looked festive, but somehow forlorn. Nat's wife threw a rose up to us, but it fell in the water. And we were moving.

They Were "Going Home"

All the voices around us sounded shrill and urgent and gay, like schoolboys on the last day of term. It was so different from that dull, refined mumble noise the English make together. But, of course, this was an American ship. These were Americans, crew and passengers alike. We were setting out on a voyage half-way round the world, but they were going home.

Along the companionway there was the bright, hard magpie noise of young females chattering together. I had noticed this group coming aboard. Young schoolmarms, without a doubt, "doing" Europe on the cheap.

Suddenly they stopped chattering together and began to sing. It was quite painfully beautiful, such soft voices against the whispering sound of the water parted by the bows as we slipped down river.

They were singing an American song they called "Going Home." It is taken from a movement of Dvořák's New World Symphony and is loved by Americans almost as much as they love their "Silent night, Holy night . . ." at Christmas time.

"I wonder . . ." said Nat when the singing was over, "I wonder, would the bar be open yet?" We went on deck.

It was really quite frightening. A sudden fog had come down on the river. There were voices, still, far away. And the hiss of water against the side. But nothing more. Our faces were wet and our eyes were smarting and we were held in a vacuum; we were the centre of nothing. Were we nothing, too?

I bumped something soft in the blankness and apologized. "You're welcome" said a soft voice. Americans nearly always say "you're welcome," whatever you may have done to them. But I did not know that then.

This soft voice, this tender wraith in the fog—she must, she *must* be beautiful. This was the shipboard romance I had read so much about; that sudden, gay, Mediterranean feeling of inconsequence that comes over people the minute they leave dry land.

I held her firmly by the hand and finally found the bar. She wore spectacles. . . .

"What'll it be, folks?" asked the fat little bar-keep. Oh, glory be! "Folks," he said. No more "sirs"; nobody to call me "sir" for a month and nobody I should so grudgingly dub.

What'll it be? Ships call for rum. The American voice suggested an Old Fashioned. The fog insisted on hot whisky and water. The spectacles said Coca-Cola, or at best a light beer. Well, well; she took a Tom Collins.

She began to tell me, with a passionate homesickness in her voice, about the troubles they were having back home in Chicago with slum clearance and the Race Problem. Four Tom Collins later, she was beginning to tell me about the problems they were having back home in Chicago with the Race Problem, which, as all the world knows, is inextricably mixed up with the problem of slum clearance. I asked her if I could read her hand, which I had heard young women rather like having done to them.

Out Into A Stiff Breeze

"You're welcome" she said, in that voice again. I remembered what Dorothy Parker had said about girls who wear glasses, but it was no good. Ten days later, as we approached the New York sky-line, she was still talking about Race Problems and Slum Clearance. She said they were subjects her fiancé (which she pronounced feeyonsay) was interested in.

Dawn found us in the channel, approaching Plymouth Sound. There was a stiff head breeze and the merry little waves slapped at us. Ahead the Atlantic loomed large, loomed so very large.

That night in the sound we slept deeply. But I was awakened near morning by the noise of chains clanking and a low, mournful *mooing* noise. It was close. Could the ship be haunted? I decided I would say nothing about it to my companions.

That morning we were off Ushant and the big Atlantic rollers were beginning to meddle with our motion. Now there are three distinctly different movements a ship can make. If you have a head wind and a head sea, it's just chop, chop, chop all the way. And if you have a cross wind and a head sea, it's corkscrewing you'll be doing.

Ping-pong With A Roll

But if you have a cross wind with a following sea, the ship will behave like a drunken duchess being butted into the ballroom by a goat. I distinctly noticed the goat.

It was just about the hour when the full effect of this peculiar method of progress was being borne in on me, that a wild and wiry little man accosted me on the top deck and insisted I went below to play him at ping-pong. He was wearing striped white trousers and gym shoes and had on his head a cloth check cap of the kind Harry Tate used to wear professionally.

In the library-cum-lounge-cum-dining room of the little ship the wireless was blaring full out a tune called "Six o'clock Jump" and there were two young seamen who had come up from the bowels of the vessel dancing together. It was an extraordinary dance. They linked arms and threw

"A wild little man wanted me to play ping-pong. It was extraordinary"

"The spectacles said Coca-Cola or a light beer. She took a Tom Collins"

each other over their heads backwards and they shuffled and stomped together in happy oblivion of any shuffling and stomping the ship was doing on her own account.

Nowadays, I suppose, we would call this kind of dancing "bebop" but they didn't have a word for it then. When I asked them what kind of dance it was they grinned and said: "Aw, it's just kinda groovy."

I would have thought that ordinary seamen might have found some slight embarrassment at being discovered disporting themselves in passengers' quarters, but the fierce little man just smiled at them and said: "Hiya, kids? Having yourselves a time?"

The Ball Stayed Still

The ship was now drawing out her innards and leaving them behind in her wake once every fifteen seconds.

It was extraordinary. My opponent in the ping-pong game would bounce the ball on the table and make a stroke at it with his bat but the ball would stay still in the air for quite a second and then, when his bat had finished its delightfully graceful arc the ball would begin of its own volition to progress across the net in my direction, bounce once in a lazy way, rise towards my bat and pass straight through it. I was glad to lie down after it. When I had had a nap I went to the bar. Nat was talking to a vast, paunchy, floury man in a tweed cap.

"Fireplaces!" the man was saying. "That's why I came to Europe. In Europe you have the finest fireplaces in the world. But you don't know it. It takes an American to tell you just how good your fireplaces are."

That's another thing about Americans. They're always seeing something good in you that other people can't see. It is not always bearable.

I was quietly trying to feel better when I heard that moan again. That mooing moan. It wasn't fair. The floury man was saying:

". . . And that's not all. I live in Tulsa, Texas, sir, and there we have the finest beef herds in the world. That long blue grass is just perfect for cattle. And so, d'you know what I've been doing? I've been buying a herd of the finest Jersey heifers money can buy. Two hundred and forty dollars a cow and freightage twice that. . . ."

End Of The "Ghost"

I heard that moaning moo again, coming from the bowels of the ship. It wasn't ghosts, it was cows and I felt better.

The next day was grey, with long black and silver rain curtains rent from the dull sky.

Nat saw a shark.

This was an important matter. I had seen a great liner, all gaudy and stately against the grey, and somebody else had seen a school of flying fish; but a shark needed real notice taking of it.

We went to the captain and to our delight he turned his binoculars upon the tiny fin that kept behind us and said cheerfully. "Why, yes, gentlemen. That is certainly a shark. He is hungry."

"Is it true," I asked, "that sharks will sometimes follow a ship when somebody is about to die?"

"Why, yes. They do. When somebody is about to die they do follow a ship," said the captain. He seemed pleased to give us the information.

I thought Nat was looking a little pensive that evening and he went early to bed. The next morning he didn't get up, pleading biliousness. I was feeling fine by now and I went to the bridge and borrowed the captain's binoculars to look for the shark again. He was still there.

That afternoon there was a creaking of winches and they lowered overboard the carcase of a Jersey heifer that had died of seasickness. The shark's fin disappeared.

I went down to the cabin to wash before cocktails and Nat was lying with his face to the wall. I told him about the heifer and how the shark's appetite had been met. He did not answer.

Half an hour later, when the fireplace man and I were entertaining a couple of the young eager spinster-teachers from Chicago, Nat appeared. He looked fresh and cheerful and called for an Old Fashioned, which he drank with a goodly heartiness. We did not mention the shark again.

On the top deck, day after day whatever the weather, there gathered a friendly family circle. They kept themselves to themselves and never spoke to anybody else unless spoken to first. The man was round and shiny, the colour of nutmeg, and his wife was round and shiny and olive coloured. The two little children were rounder and shinier than their parents. They played medicine ball and deck tennis and picnicked constantly.

Family Smuggled Out

I found out the man's name. He was Dr. Einstein, son of the famous scientist, and his family had been smuggled out of Germany under Nazi noses the month before. He was a mining engineer and America beckoned, offering him asylum.

The only other passenger was a little russet apple of a man who claimed to be ninety-four. He was the editor of the Denver, Colorado, *Post*, he said, and one of his junior reporters had been Damon Runyon.

I asked him what he thought of his famous pupil. "Not much," he said. "In my young days cub reporters were taught to *report*. Nowadays, they just make it up out of their heads." Being a reporter myself, I could only agree. When I told Runyon about it later he was inclined to defend himself.

We passed the Statue of Liberty as dawn was coming up and the crossing had taken ten days and fifteen hours, which is better than Columbus did but still not much.

The young dawn was making the great New York skyscraper skyline all pink and milky, like the inside of an oyster shell. I kissed the schoolteachers goodbye and Nat paced the top deck alone, as though he had been a famous traveller absorbed in thought.

I stood at the rail by the old, old editor. To my embarrassment I saw he was crying and under his breath he was saying: "My country, 'tis of thee . . ." over and over.

There was nobody at the pier to meet us, except one small man with a shock of grey hair. It was Professor Albert Einstein.

NEXT WEEK: Returning From Russia

House of crashed hopes

by CHARLES GRAVES

The address is Carey Street. It's not so very far from Easy Street. And it isn't always the end of a rake's progress. Honest men can go broke as easily as rogues

WITH THE CASE OF Sidney Stanley, bankruptcy became news. It was invested by some with a certain shoddy glamour; others began to ask some puzzled questions. How was it that an undischarged bankrupt could live in Park Lane, give hotel banquets to his friends, dabble in thousands of pounds and generally behave like a very solvent potentate?

Bewildered citizens began to think that there was more in this bankruptcy business than met the eye. Like being a King's messenger, it was even considered to be rather desirable.

It isn't; but, as usual, the truth is neither lurid nor entirely prosaic. Being bankrupted deprives a person of certain citizen rights: he cannot obtain credit for more than £10, he must not trade in any other name than the one under which he went bankrupt, and he may not sit in Parliament. The suspension of these rights can last for a month or five years.

Honest men can go bankrupt as easily as rogues—only about one in twenty bankruptcies is fraudulent—but, honest or otherwise, all bankrupts end in the tall, bleakly official building in Carey Street, London, or in its equivalent in the provinces.

The bankruptcy courts in Carey Street and elsewhere very much resemble police courts, except that the "magistrate" is a Registrar who wears a wig and gown.

Picking The Bones

Besides winding up companies and making individuals bankrupt, it is the constructive job of Official Receivers to pick the bones of the estate and save as much of the remains as possible for the creditors. "Time and again," Mr. Bruce Park, Carey Street's chief official, told me, "a bankrupt acquires real peace of mind for the first time in years when he places all his assets into a pool for the Official Receiver to manage."

In the year which ended last March there were 1,313 receiving orders against individuals, which is rather more than a third of the prewar figures but four times as many as those for 1947. This year will probably see 2,000 bankruptcies.

How is a person made bankrupt? The usual procedure is that a creditor tries to get his money back in the ordinary way, fails to do so, and goes to law. If he gets a judgment he applies for a bankruptcy notice to be served on the debtor.

This notice is duly served on the unfortunate citizen, who is given seven days to pay. It is when he fails to pay that he technically commits an act of bankruptcy which enables the creditor to obtain a petition for a receiving order.

Now the business has really begun. The petition is set down for hearing and the debtor can attend and put his case to the Registrar in chambers.

The court is very fair and even sympathetic. Whenever possible it attempts to save a debtor from going bankrupt if he is passing through lean times and has a good chance of getting "out of the red" in the near future. If there is no such chance a receiving order is made, the Official Receiver "receives" the property and freezes all the available assets.

The debtor is now left to his own devices for earning a living. The banks involved are informed, a meeting of creditors is called, and a trustee — usually an accountant—is appointed to administer the estate.

If the debtor has offered no proposition to pay his debts in whole or in part, he is adjudged bankrupt and the trustee takes over. The debtor is divested of his property—frozen though it is—and the trustee sells what he can and distributes any sum he receives to the creditors.

London's bankruptcy court. For some it's the way to peace of mind

The final act is the examination of the debtor as to the causes of his failure. After this he can apply to the court for discharge from his debts.

Bankrupts are often truculent and difficult when being examined. "Why should I tell you all this?" "Why do you bother me?" "How do you expect me to pay the fares to come here and see you?" "Do you think I *wanted* to go bankrupt?" are typical questions.

Much valuable information comes from creditors, but debtors can be intriguingly vague about their failures. Many will explain that they gave some casual acquaintance named "Joe" £600 or more "to buy goods"; since when they have never set eyes on "Joe."

This obviously won't do, and probably means that the debtor has "salted away" the £600. The only thing left is to ask what "Joe" looked like.

Did he have a moustache? What was the colour of his eyes? Was he fat, thin, or merely ordinary? After such questions, Joe usually becomes increasingly amorphous and the debtor breaks down and tells the truth.

If he sticks to his story but fails to convince the court, he is liable to be prosecuted for not accounting for a deficiency.

Builders Have Been Hit

All sorts of people go bankrupt, as I found out when I went to Carey Street lately and sat in one of the courts. Many victims of the postwar trading restrictions have been builders. No fewer than 119 of them went bankrupt last year.

Of other categories, thirty-eight decorators failed in company with thirty-seven farmers, one clergyman, two dentists and four wine merchants. The total included forty-four directors of limited companies and after the builders the next biggest category was the anonymous and unsatisfactory one of "no occupation." There were forty-eight of these, but no hosiers, glovers or textile manufacturers.

Among 1949 bankruptcies are many small toy businesses that started up in 1946, when anything looking like a toy had a ready sale. There were two such cases on the programme when I attended No. 2 court.

One was a bus driver who had invented a toy, borrowed £250, and left his employment to start manufacture. He did quite well till the demand dropped from three or four gross a week to nothing at all.

The other case concerned two men who were earning £8 10s. a week as fitters. The toy bug bit them, too, and for a time —but not long enough—the money came in very smoothly. Then the market evaporated and what had been Easy Street suddenly became Carey Street.

Ex-Servicemen who start small businesses with their gratuities and perhaps £300 of savings, continually find themselves in trouble. Their crash is generally due to sheer ignorance.

They genuinely believe they are doing quite well when, in fact, they are showing no profit at all and have to pack up when their capital runs out. When the Examiner explains this to them they are amazed at the realization.

"Milked The Till"

Often the fact of having ready money under their hand was too much for them. If they wanted a new suit or a dress for their wives or two seats at the cinema, they simply "milked the till," quite forgetting that the money was required to keep the shop going.

Sometimes pure bad luck or an act of God is responsible. The great freeze-up of 1947 forced many small men into bankruptcy because they were unable to work the machines or carry on building operations, although they had to continue paying their employees for fear of losing them when better times came.

Fewer owners of cafés and teashops go bankrupt now than before the war because, owing to rationing, so many more people are eating out. But a man who had acquired the monopoly of selling mineral waters, buns and teas at a small suburban lido pleaded bad weather as the reason for his failure.

One can be made bankrupt for not paying taxes, and last year the Inland Revenue issued 480 bankruptcy notices. Of these only 150 led to petitions, and in many cases the money was paid in full. Farmers, barrow - boys, coffee - stall keepers and those who had just felt unwilling to pay income tax soon found that their assets were frozen and that it was easier to pay up.

To file one's own petition in bankruptcy costs £10 in fees, but a creditor cannot force anyone into bankruptcy for a debt of less than £50. The sums involved are seldom dramatic, frequently less than £2,000. Certainly £100,000 would be a very heavy bankruptcy.

I had expected that many bankrupts would blame extravagant wives for their downfall; but this excuse, I was told, is exceptional. So, too, is the plea that the bankrupt occupied a house whose cost was above his income bracket.

Crime, or what borders on it, not infrequently makes its appearance in the bankruptcy courts. There are the refusals of insurance companies to pay claims for loss or burglary that there is good reason to believe has been organized from the inside, and occasionally a petition will draw the curtains that conceal the strange, half-lit world of "fences," "stool pigeons" and contact men.

But, taken generally, the bankruptcy courts unravel the ordinary stories of human hope and human fallibility, and the misfortunes to which even the sanest and most solvent of us are liable.

Esteban

by PETER CHEYNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Da Silva, the cattle rancher, was really stupid not to allow his lovely daughter to marry Esteban. Such a handsome rogue was far safer in the family than out of it

ESTEBAN CAME OUT of the shadow of the mangrove swamp; began to walk along the winding cattle track that led towards Bana.

He was tall, slim and rangy. His skin was tanned to the colour of liver. His face was long but with humour lines about the mouth. He had soft brown eyes; white, strong teeth. He walked with a swagger, the Spanish spurs on his cuban-heeled cow-boots jangling. He wore dark, tight-fitting Spanish trousers wide over his boots with a broad, tarnished silver stripe down the sides; a blue shirt open at the neck, a black, tight-sleeved bolero.

There were silver neck cords on his sombrero. The black, pencil-line moustache above his attractive mouth gave him a cynical and sardonic expression which was belied when he smiled and showed his white teeth. Round his waist he wore a wide *gaucho* belt studded with medallions. Over this was a pistol belt with an American .45 automatic in a black holster on one side.

When he neared the coppice he whistled and the *pinto* walked out of the shadows towards him.

The horse looked rather like Esteban. It was a thin and rangy *pinto* and when you looked at it you thought that the high pommelled saddle, with its cow rope horn and Mexican back, was too big for it. Esteban swung himself into the saddle with a lithe and easy movement. He skirted the coppice; put the *pinto* into an easy canter. He rode through the heat of the afternoon.

It was six o'clock when he arrived at the Anzanas shack. The shack, built of forest logs, plaster and mud, was set in a remote clearing towards the edge of the forest. It was a secret place, near enough to the cattle grazing country to be dangerous—for the cattle owners.

Esteban dismounted; lighted a long, thin cigarro. He walked round to the other side of the shack. Olé Anzanas and his brothers, Pedro and Quincho, sat, swinging their legs over the edge of the broken-down veranda. Between them were two bottles of *cachasa* — one of them empty. They smoked brown, Spanish cigarettes. They looked bored, dirty and dangerous.

Olé said, his dark face wrinkling into a grin: "May the good saints preserve us . . . look who comes . . . !" He spat on the ground.

Pedro Anzanas said: "Good day to you, Esteban. How my heart bleeds for you. We have heard your sad news!"

Esteban shrugged his shoulders. "You are entirely wrong, Pedro. My news is not sad. Merely a little postponement of my happiness, I assure you."

Quincho said: "Yes . . .? *Amigo*, what madness persuaded you that da Silva would allow you to marry his daughter?"

Esteban sat down on the ground, cross-legged. Pedro Anzanas picked up the half-empty bottle of *cachasa*; threw it towards him. Esteban caught it adroitly; removed the cork; put the neck of the bottle in his mouth and drank.

Then he said: "My good friends, you will listen to me. Business is very bad for everyone these days. It is practically impossible for a gentleman to make any easy money, but I have an idea."

Quincho said: "May the good saints preserve us . . . ! Esteban has an idea . . .!"

Esteban shrugged his shoulders again. He said: "I am informed by my beautiful Pilar, who adores me, and who is stupid enough to have a father like da Silva, that three days ago da Silva, for a reason best known to himself, insured his newly bought cattle with an insurance society near Zusta."

Olé said: "Why should he do a thing like that?"

Esteban smiled. "Possibly he'd heard that you had moved to this district, Olé. Now, figure to yourself, my heart goes out towards da Silva even though he has refused to consent to my marriage with his daughter. I have an idea that he needs money. I would like to help him."

Quincho grinned. "*Madre de dios* . . . it must be wonderful to be helped by Esteban!"

Pedro Anzanas said: "Keep silence . . . this should be *good*."

"I assure you it is," said Esteban. "Briefly, my idea is this. You, Olé, you, Pedro, and you, Quincho, are also very short of funds. I understand cattle raiding has been a little difficult of late because always the *rurales* are looking for cattle thieves. That is, of course, unless one has enough money to square Mendanda, our respected police chief. But supposing that tonight somebody were to cut out five or six hundred of da Silva's cattle, drive them over the mountain into the valley, do you think that, having insured this cattle, da Silva would worry too much about reclaiming them?"

QUINCHO said: "Possibly not. Perhaps he would rather have the insurance company's money."

Olé nodded.

Pedro said: "There is reason in this."

Esteban went on: "My idea is that tonight you should drive five or six hundred of the cattle over the mountain into Silver Valley. You three could do it easily. You are good *llaneros*."

Olé said: "All things are possible to men of good heart. What do we get out of this? It is one thing to have six hundred head of cattle in Silver Valley, but another thing to dispose of them, especially if they are branded."

Esteban said: "Half of da Silva's cattle are not yet branded. They came in only a week ago. This is the reason why he has insured the herd. Anybody's brand could go on them. There is always a good market for unbranded cattle. In fact," continued Esteban airily, "I will go so far as to say that I will find a purchaser for them. And at a good price." He picked up the *cachasa* bottle; took another swig. He threw the bottle to Olé.

Olé flipped off his Mexican sombrero with the back of his hand. Underneath was a sweat-soiled bandana handkerchief. He loosened the knot, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "I think the idea is good," he said. "Tonight we take the cattle. Tomorrow they will be in Silver Valley. We will take only the unbranded. When the times comes Esteban can come to us with an offer." He looked at Esteban. "Is this agreed?" he asked.

Esteban got up. He shook a little dust from his trouser leg. "My friends, I knew I could rely on you. You shall hear from me. *Adios*, and may the saints preserve you."

WHEN the evening shadows lengthened Esteban came down the trail that leads from Zusta. He dismounted and took a track by the side of a little wood. On the corner, standing beneath the tree where they had always met, stood Pilar da Silva.

Pilar was tall and slim and curveful and beautiful. When she smiled her oval face was illuminated and her white teeth flashed.

Esteban kissed her hands. He said: "Now for me the sun has come out. How is it with you, my Pilar?"

Her face became serious. "Esteban, I am worried about my father. Last night by some means the corral gates were left open. Over six hundred head of cattle are gone. He is almost beside himself."

Esteban cocked one eyebrow. The movement gave his face a pleasant Machiavellian expression. He said: "But, *carissima*, surely the cattle are insured?"

She nodded her head. "That is so, but they were unbranded, because my father has been ill and occupied, and that is what makes it serious. He says that because the cattle are not branded the insurance company will be angry and suspicious. You know they insist always on stock being branded. Today, Señor Pravis, his lawyer, came to see him. Pravis said that it would be a good thing for my father to offer a reward immediately; to deposit five hundred dollars for the reward with Señor Mendanda, the chief of police—the reward to be paid to anybody who could give any information as to where the cattle are. Pravis said this would give the insurance company confidence in my father."

Esteban said: "A good idea. Has he put in the claim on the company?"

She nodded. "He has reported the loss to the company's agent in Bana. He has claimed the insurance."

"That is excellent," said Esteban. "No one, I suppose, my sweet, knows anything about the cattle?"

She shrugged her shoulders prettily. "You know that in this part of the world there are lots of cattle thieves. It is almost too easy for them."

Esteban put his arm about her. He led her slowly back towards the track down by the side of the wood.

He said: "Return to your home, Pilar. Have confidence. All will be well."

She turned towards him. "I would care about nothing if my father would allow me to marry you."

Esteban smiled. He made a grandiose gesture with his right hand—an all-embracing gesture. He said: "Have faith, *cara*. Have faith in Esteban. *Adios*, my little chicken."

He watched her until she was out of sight. Then he returned to where he had tethered his *pinto;* mounted; rode off in the opposite direction.

It was eight o'clock when he arrived at the small adobe hut in which old José, an ancient range rider, lived. He found José in the main room of the hut leaning over a bottle of *cachasa*. José was old and fat and grey-haired, but there was the same cunning twinkle in his eye, the same broad smile of welcome.

He said: "God be with you, Señor Esteban. What brings you to my poor abode? I am ashamed of it, but everything I have is yours."

Esteban sat down on the rickety stool. He said: "If that is so, my friend, we will start off with the *cachasa*."

José pushed the bottle across the table. Esteban took a long swig.

He said: "Listen, my old gaucho . . . times are hard and I think that a little happiness should come into your life. How would you like some money?"

José wrinkled his nose. "I would like it very much. How much money, Esteban? And what do I have to do for the money this time?" He grinned wickedly.

Esteban said: "Figure to yourself, my José. Last night six hundred head of unbranded cattle were stolen from da Silva's corral on the other side of the *mesa*. They have disappeared."

José shrugged his shoulders. "Why not? Since I was a little boy cattle have been disappearing in this country."

Esteban nodded. "Precisely, my friend. Last week the cattle were insured and da Silva thinks that the insurance company may be suspicious because they were unbranded, so, in order to regain the company's confidence, he has deposited a reward of five hundred silver dollars with Mendanda, the chief of police, for information as to the whereabouts of his cattle. You, José, will go at once to see Mendanda. You will give him information about the cattle."

José said: "For all that money I would give information to the Devil himself. What do I tell Mendanda?"

"You will tell Mendanda what is in effect the truth. You will tell Mendanda that last night was a lovely night. You could not sleep, so you mounted that ancient *pinto* of yours and rode over the *mesa*, and you saw Olé, Pedro and Quincho Anzanas driving da Silva's cattle towards Silver Valley. There is, as you know, a canyon at the end of the valley which is an ideal hiding place for a herd, and that is where the cattle are. You will demand the reward."

"But of course," said old José. "Naturally."

Esteban said: "Listen. Mendanda will know that what you say is probably true. He will know that Olé, Pedro and

"Esteban, I am worried about my father," said Pilar. "Over six hundred head of cattle are gone"

K-J PETTS

Quincho are among our most expert cattle thieves. He will suggest to you that he will pay you half the reward and keep the other half for himself. You know Mendanda?"

José shrugged. "Who doesn't?"

"Very well," said Esteban. "You will agree to this. You will take the two hundred and fifty silver dollars, and I shall call on you tomorrow morning and collect half. Is it agreed?"

José got to his feet. "Señor Esteban, I am already on my way."

Esteban said: "Good, José! When you die may your grave be covered with flowers for ever."

"A superb thought," said old José. "God go with you, Señor Esteban."

The shadows had lengthened into darkness when Esteban threw the reins of the *pinto* over its head on to the ground and walked to the Anzanas shack.

Olé said: "Good evening, Esteban. The night is better for your presence."

Esteban said in his pleasant voice: "There is a little trouble, but nothing of importance."

Pedro said: "Always in the lives of great men there is trouble. What has happened, Esteban?"

Esteban shrugged his shoulders. "Consider, *amigos*, that last night some wastrel, who should have been better employed, observed you driving da Silva's cattle over into Silver Valley. Unfortunately, in order to regain the confidence of the insurance company, da Silva has deposited five hundred silver dollars with Mendanda as a reward for information about the cattle. Therefore, this wastrel, who observed your movements, will go to Mendanda, our esteemed chief of police, to claim the reward."

Pedro said: "If I knew who this dog was I would slit his throat. There is nothing worse than an informer."

ESTEBAN squatted on his heels, carefully evading his long spurs. He said: "Be of good cheer. A little thought and all is made easy. Olé, you know the police corral beyond the Zusta road—the corral which our chief of police built for wandering cattle?"

Olé nodded. "I know it well."

"It is empty," said Esteban. "So, when it is a little darker, you and Pedro and Quincho will ride to Silver Valley and drive da Silva's cattle into the police corral. You see?"

Olé began to laugh. "This is very good . . . !" He turned to his brothers. "Understand, my brothers, we are to be public benefactors. We find da Silva's cattle which had wandered because somebody had left the corral gates open, so we drive them into the police corral. Esteban, you are a great man." His face became serious. "But what about us?" he asked. "We are to be public benefactors. We save da Silva a great deal of money. Are we to do good work and get nothing for it?"

Esteban said: "Listen to me. When this informant goes to Mendanda and tells him that he saw you stealing da Silva's cattle, Mendanda will never think for one moment that the cattle have been driven to the police corral. So what does he do?"

"It is obvious," said Olé. "He will arrest us. He will throw us into that filthy jail in Bana."

"Precisely," said Esteban. "So you go into jail wearing the expressions of martyrs. When you have been there a few hours I will arrange that the cattle are discovered in the police corral, and you, who are public benefactors, have been thrown into jail like common cattle thieves. And Mendanda, in order to save his own skin, in order that the whole population of Bana shall not laugh at him, will pay you the half of the reward which he has kept for himself. He will give you two hundred and fifty silver

MR. DIMPLE

by David Hand

dollars. This I will arrange because you are my friends."

Olé got up. He said: "Come, my brothers, we have work to do. Esteban, as always I rely on you."

"So be it, *amigos*," said Esteban. "When I leave you the moon goes out. I am desolate."

Pedro said: "For us it is worse. Life is miserable when you are not within the range of our eyes."

The next morning, on his way to Bana, Esteban called at the hut of old José and collected a hundred and twenty-five silver dollars. These he divided and slipped into his boot tops. He rode leisurely towards Bana.

At ten o'clock he entered the office of Cardona, the insurance company's agent, at the end of the little street.

"Señor Cardona," began Esteban, "I have always had a great appreciation of your mentality. Always I have said to my friends there is no greater representative of an insurance company than Señor Cardona. Always he has the good of his principals at heart."

Cardona nodded. "I am grateful for your good opinion."

Esteban crossed his legs; listened to the pleasant jingle of his spurs as he did so.

He said: "Señor Cardona, information reaches me that a large number of the cattle of my esteemed friend and, I hope, prospective father-in-law, Ramon da Silva, have disappeared. I understand that he has already made a claim against the insurance company. Is that true?"

Cardona nodded. "It is indeed true. The sum involved is considerable. It is perhaps unfortunate that the cattle were unbranded."

Esteban said: "Possibly there were good reasons for this. Da Silva has been ill and occupied. At the same time the company will be forced to pay. It would be bad publicity if they didn't."

"True," said Cardona. "They will pay eventually."

Esteban nodded. "Señor Cardona, I wish to do you a good turn because I have always liked you. I can save you and the company a great deal of time and money. When I leave here I propose to call on our respected and esteemed chief of police, Mendanda. I propose to give him certain information, as a result of which I assure you, Señor, da Silva's cattle will be returned to him and the claim which he has made against the insurance company will be withdrawn."

Cardona smiled. "This is very pleasant news. You are indeed my friend, Señor Esteban. My principals on the mainland will be thrilled at the news."

Esteban raised one finger. "One moment, Señor . . . you will agree with me that the lowest *peon* is worthy of his hire. Is it not so?"

Cardona shrugged his shoulders. "Indeed, yes . . . depending, of course, upon what the hire is."

Esteban said: "Would a great company such as yours miss a paltry two hundred silver dollars? Is this too much for a herd of cattle to be returned?"

"I don't think so," said Cardona. "I have no doubt that when the cattle are returned to da Silva they would willingly pay you the two hundred dollars."

Esteban rose. He stood looking sorrowfully at Cardona, his expression a mixture of misery and outraged dignity.

He said: "So you doubt my word, Señor Cardona. You tell me that the company will pay me this paltry sum *when* the cattle are returned. Perhaps you will be good enough to explain to me why I, Esteban, should trouble to interest himself in their business when they do not trust me. Perhaps you would care for me to wash my hands of this matter. Do you think that I came here to be insulted? People who know me will inform you that I have killed a man for less than this."

CARDONA said: "Señor Esteban, I assure you that you mistake me. Never for one moment have I doubted your integrity. In order that you may know this; in order that you may understand my affection and esteem for you I tell you that out of my contingency fund I will pay you the two hundred dollars at once, trusting in your word."

Esteban said: "Your words give me great pleasure. How wonderful is friendship and understanding and trust. Give me the two hundred dollars and I will sign a receipt."

Outside, in the narrow alleyway that led from the main street out towards the *mesa*, Esteban deposited the two hundred dollars in the bags concealed beneath his saddle flaps. He tethered his *pinto* to an adjacent rail; turned back into the main street; walked towards the white adobe one-storey building that housed the chief of police.

Mendanda, chief of the Bana police, sat back in his chair, his feet on his desk. He was dressed in a dirty white shirt, with blue linen trousers, kept up by a piece of lariat rope round his waist; his sombrero was tilted over his eyes, a long cigarro hanging from his mouth.

He said: "God be with you, Esteban. It is a long time since I have seen you."

Esteban sat down on a stool in front of the desk. "I have been busy. Many things have kept me away, but when news comes to me that there is a possibility of trouble for my friend Mendanda then I come to you immediately. As you know, I am your friend."

Mendanda spat out of the window. "This is great news for me. Your smile is like sunshine to me. Take anything I have." He spat out of the window even more artistically than before. "Tell me, Esteban?"

Esteban said: "There are unkind people in Bana. Hear everything. It seems that by some means the corral gates at da Silva's were left open. A herd of cattle strayed. You have heard about this?"

Mendanda nodded. "Did they stray?" he asked. "I have been told that Olé, Pedro and Quincho Anzanas were seen driving these cattle to Silver Valley—their usual place of hiding. I have had an information lodged before me. This morning I have arrested them. They are in the jail. When I accused them of this offence they said nothing." He shrugged his shoulders. "They did not even offer me any money not to arrest them, which I regard as being very suspicious."

Esteban said: "Mendanda, you will listen to me. You have been tricked. As you have just said, if Olé, Pedro and Quincho had been concerned in stealing these cattle they would have offered you money not to arrest them. The fact that they have not done so is, as you say, suspicious. This is a plot against you."

MENDANDA cocked one black eyebrow. He said: "So . . . tell me the plot."

Esteban said: "Some fool must have left da Silva's corral gates open. The cattle strayed. News of this came to Olé. He knew perfectly well that if they stole the cattle suspicion would fall on them, *so they did not steal the cattle*."

Mendanda leaned forward. "I see. What did they do?"

Esteban said: "For once they decided to be honest citizens. They have driven the cattle into the police corral—the purpose for which you built it." He grinned wickedly at Mendanda. "Now they are going to bring an action against you for wrongful imprisonment."

Mendanda said: "It appears to me that there are no longer any saints. It appears to me that there is no longer any justice in the world that this thing should be done to me. I do not like this."

"Listen, my friend," said Esteban. "Why worry? It is so easy."

Mendanda threw a cigarro across the desk to Esteban, who caught it deftly. He said: "Tell me, Esteban."

Esteban said: "It is as simple as this. Da Silva deposited five hundred silver dollars with you—a reward for information about the cattle. Have you paid it out?"

Mendanda said: "Yes and no. There are no secrets between you, my friend, and me, and you know that for a person of my integrity my pay is very small. I gave the informant two hundred and fifty dollars. I thought I was entitled to the balance."

Esteban nodded. "Listen to me, Mendanda. These people, Olé, Pedro and Quincho may make trouble for you, more especially as they will say it was your business to know whether the cattle had been driven into the police corral or not, even although it is such a long way away and you have not had time to go there. Do this: release them. Tell them that you wish to apologize to them; give them the two hundred and fifty dollars that you have kept from the reward. As

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Malta comes out of the twilight

by JOHN PUDNEY

Medieval palaces are fine. Medieval slums aren't so good. Pudney, retracing a wartime pilgrimage, finds change coming at last to Malta—with our aid

Valdetta, traditional head-dress, shields Maltese mother and her baby

IT MEASURES seventeen miles by nine. It is one of the most ancient inhabited rocks in the world. It contains Phoenician and Greek temples, Roman villas, Moorish citadels, Norman houses, medieval bastions, Renaissance and baroque façades, and British Colonial architecture.

Earth and water are so scarce that they are protected by special legislation. If you erect a building, you must yield up the earth which you excavate and place it upon one side to be carted away for others to use.

There is a law compelling every householder to maintain a cistern, varying according to the size of the house, in which is to be collected every drop of rainwater which falls upon the roof.

Yet the 143 square miles of Malta, with the little-known sister island, Gozo, maintain a population of nearly one-third of a million people, together with a British garrison.

These are a vigorous, laughter-loving people, speaking an ancient tongue which they inherit directly from the Phoenicians.

They fought with the British to throw out Napoleon, then welcomed Nelson. They earned the George Cross for their resistance to violence and famine as a British outpost in the second World War.

They are now one of Britain's most highly-developed self-governing colonies. They are also realists.

"We are proud of the George Cross. Make no mistake about that," said a prominent citizen who is a little tired of hearing about "the gallant Maltese." "But remember we can't eat it."

Returning By Air

My return journey this year was by air: breakfast in London, a midday apéritif in the sudden heat of the South of France, and an after-dinner stroll in a balmy, scented hotel garden in Malta itself.

In 1942-43, when the Bay of Biscay was impassable and the Mediterranean virtually closed, the journey took me about six weeks, and at the end I found a famine-stricken, bomb-happy, exhausted stronghold: harbours full of sunken ships, shattered airfields, cities and villages clogged with rubble.

And that garrison? Some went on to fight on other fronts and were lost. Most of those whom I knew by their first names have returned to their real identities, the dream over, in the four corners of the world.

Trust coincidence to intervene. No sooner had I settled in the Malta Airways coach after landing at Luqa Airfield, that desperate former battlefield, than I thought I recognized the back of the driver's head.

It was, in fact, Corporal Longman, my former R.A.F. driver on this same route. In those hungry days of the early forties, he became engaged to a Maltese girl. He came back to Malta to marry; and by a chance in a thousand, he has found a job as a civilian—very nearly the same job as he had in the Service.

Many ex-Servicemen have tried that but few indeed have succeeded. Those few who have returned, usually because they are married to Maltese girls, have found no earthly paradise.

"I doubt if many of them can afford to go to the pictures," Longman told me. "You will see plenty in the shops here, but most of us find it difficult enough to bring up a family on normal wages."

Today in Malta the wrecks have been raised; the airfields have been tidied up; and the rubble has been cleared from the streets. The job of reconstruction is still formidable and the money for it is coming from the British taxpayer.

Maltese Have Taken Over

A gift of ten million pounds, granted in 1942 for the purpose of restoration of war damage and the rebuilding of Malta after the war, has since been increased to thirty millions, and Malta's Prime Minister, Dr. Paul Boffa, tells me that this may not be the final figure.

Over fourteen thousands tons of bombs fell during the war—an average of ninety-nine tons per square mile—concentrated upon military objectives which lay in the midst of some of the most densely populated districts to be found anywhere in Europe. To anybody who questions Britain's responsibility for financing the reconstruction, the obvious answer is: If the British had not been in Malta, would Malta have been a target?

The task of reconstruction is now in the hands of the Maltese. After a lapse of sixteen years, self-government was renewed after the war, giving the Maltese responsibility for internal affairs and leaving to the Governor questions of defence and external affairs.

In 1947 was elected the first Labour Government ever to hold office in the island. The Minister of Works and Reconstruction, who is also Deputy Prime Minister, is the Honourable Dominic Mintoff, a Maltese architect in his early thirties who went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar.

Rehousing of the people has priority. Shops, public buildings and churches have priority according to local need. There is, however, one slant upon priorities which is quite novel and unique to Malta.

Bargains With Builders

Minister Mintoff from time to time makes legal, if unconventional, bargains with applicants for building licences, whereby the applicant agrees to erect urgently required houses on a commercial basis in return for his licence to build for his own needs.

Of the population of nearly 350,000, the British Government employs about 11,600, mostly skilled men, in the Royal Naval Dockyards. There is not room for more people on the island, yet the population is increasing by 8,000 a year.

Every square inch of the sparse soil is already cultivated. There is a certain amount of light industry: and the Government is striving to attract more. The only other resort is emigration, but owing to the lack of shipping, the present rate of emigration makes it doubtful whether mass-unemployment can be held off very long in the future—

Quail shooting from rock butt. Pudney scored with a "fluke" catapult hit

hence the wisecrack about not eating the George Cross.

There is, of course, much to eat in Malta for the time being. Though bread, butter, oil and meat are still rationed, the menu at the island's best hotel looks slightly better than that of many first-class British hotels before the war.

There are bars with such names as the Lord Nelson and the Blue Anchor. There are homely little eating houses, savoury with eggs and chips.

A new bar on a more modest corner in Valletta bears the name of Christina, which rings a bell to anyone who had served in Malta in the R.A.F. . . . The Christina that we knew was blonde and comely. Her story was a curious one.

Christina's Story

She had arrived in the island as a member of an entertainment troupe. When Italy entered the war she had been stranded. As things toughened up, every pair of hands was needed in the struggle for survival: and it was then that Christina's blonde head appeared at the plotting table at Air Headquarters.

Throughout the air battles she plotted the enemy attacks; and there were few pilots who did not know by name the girl who came to entertain and stayed to work a gruelling turn of duty. Her service was duly recognized and Miss Christina Ratcliffe was awarded the B.E.M.

She is still there. Malta became so much a part of her life that she, too, stayed on. She still works for the R.A.F. as a secretary: but in the evenings you will find Miss C. Ratcliffe, B.E.M., doing the honours at Café Christina, the bar she runs in her spare time.

Though the Government has recently been flying in a limited number of cattle, the traditional source of supply for the people's milk is from goats. In 1939 the goat population was around 70,000, and undulating fever resulting from uncleansed goat milk was prevalent.

During the hungrier days of the war there was hardly a goat to be seen—for obvious reasons—and undulating fever was almost non-existent. Now the herds have risen again to nearly 60,000: and the Government is trying to banish them from the city and village streets where they pass from door to door to be milked.

For so small a place, it is curiously easy for British visitors to come away with a one-sided, out-of-perspective view of the island: the spit-and-polish of band-playing troops, the glamour of the Mediterranean Fleet in the Grand Harbour, polo at the Marsa Club in an Anglo-Indian setting, the rounds of garrison parties, the polite conversaziones of the Maltese upper classes.

Other qualities are oddly inaccessible. You need to take a car, a crowded bus or one of the graceful, curtained carriages called *carozzins*, to reach the cool lemon groves, the walled gardens, the terraced fields of the countryside or even the deep blue water of the surrounding sea.

Access to the sea is made more difficult for some by a regulation made since the war which underlines the powers of the Catholic Church. The use of two-piece swimming suits for women has been prohibited. This law is strictly enforced, though all Malta has smiled at the charming law-breaking visitor who asked the policeman in a shocked voice which piece he expected her to take off.

In the depths of the rugged countryside, where the farmhouses are built like fortresses, the people rise at 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. and retire at dusk.

The quail shooters would not have had so much time to spare for me had it not been a Sunday. They had travelled several miles across rocky hills and gullies to attend Mass in the little chapel of St. Martin.

The Sunday gatherings are social occasions. Many come early and linger late. The priest does not stand watch in hand. He rings the bell when he thinks everybody is there.

The quail shooters had gone early in order to put in some time in the stone butts on the hillside. Even though it was Sunday and they were chattering away without reserve, I doubt if we would have overcome a certain camera-shyness had it not been for my prowess with a catapult.

By a fluke I hit their tin target the first time they put it up. At once I was both a local hero and their friend for life.

Six hours later, in the cool of the evening, in a neighbouring village, I was pointed out as an expert catapultist. They even overlooked the fact that I had not tested my luck with a second shot.

Unchanged Since St. Paul

In that wild countryside, which has not changed since St. Paul was shipwrecked in the bay nearby, I could think of no spot in Europe less spoilt by such blemishes as beach huts, street hoardings, tourist booths or neon lighting. If Malta is to establish the tourist industry she so much needs and deserves, these are great assets, but they must be made accessible and even displayed, while keeping their present unspoilt character.

Meanwhile, Malta's Labour Government has embarked upon its social programme. It is not easy to find out the facts about it.

Critics talked in shocked voices of the recent introduction of income tax. They seldom add that the money is being raised to provide, among other things, the first system of old age pensions that the island has ever known.

Visitors may be fortunate enough to discover for themselves the stately splendours of the palaces (*auberges*, they are called) formerly occupied by the Knights of St. John. It takes a clever sightseer to discover, and an intrepid one to enter, that awesome slum area, the Mandraggio, also built by the Knights—for their servants.

There are only a few narrow entries to this network of alleys lying just twelve feet above sea-level on a site originally excavated by the Knights to make a haven for their smaller shipping in bad weather. Some three hundred families lived there at the end of the war (no bomb touched it), hidden in single-room tenements in seven-storey buildings.

Open w.c.s placed in the narrow alleys serving every dozen or so buildings were all they knew of sanitation, but they kept themselves remarkably clean, brought up large families and enjoyed a strong community sense in the unsavoury centuries-old twilight.

Mandraggio folk are a people apart. Some of them are uncertain of their own names. Some have never left the place, having some craft to follow in their own homes.

Slums Walled Up

The Government is moving them by groups into twentieth-century surroundings. Individuals will not budge. Their tenements are walled up when they leave. It will not be long before the Mandraggio is closed.

So change comes to Malta. Education, child welfare, hospital services, for a century and a quarter of British occupation sadly neglected except for the garrison, show signs of active improvement. But, with the burden of war devastation added, the progress is slow.

Whoever holds Malta holds the key to most of the Mediterranean. Napoleon said that he would rather have the British in the Faubourg St. Antoine than in Malta.

It may be that we shall still have to add to the thirty millions we have already promised Malta. If so, it will be not only gratitude but also strategical expediency which prompts our decision.

ESTEBAN

Continued from page 18

you know, I am friendly with them. I will get fifty dollars back for you."

Mendanda shrugged his shoulders. He said: "Everybody in Bana makes money except myself. I get only fifty dollars."

Esteban said: "No. This is my plan. You will send one of your *rurales* to inform da Silva that his cattle are safe and you will inform him that because of my great regard for him I have volunteered to put his brand on the cattle before they leave the police corral, so that the insurance company will be satisfied."

He shrugged his shoulders gracefully. "I am not certain," he continued, "how many cattle are in the police corral but if, for the sake of argument, there are six hundred head it may be that I will only brand five hundred and three, because, after all, some of the cattle may have run wild when Olé, Pedro and Quincho were driving them to the police corral."

Mendanda said: "I see. So that leaves ninety-seven head in the police corral. What then?"

Esteban said: "I have a purchaser. You and I are good friends. Always there has been great honesty between us. When I have sold the ninety-seven head of cattle I will divide the money with you, Mendanda, because you are my friend; because our interests are mutual."

Mendanda swung his feet off the desk. He opened a drawer; produced an iron ring with a dozen solid keys dangling therefrom. He threw the ring across the table to Esteban. He said: "Let them out. Tell them to come quietly to me and I will give them two hundred dollars, reserving only fifty for myself as commission."

Esteban picked up the keys. "So be it. . . . *Adios*, Mendanda. When you die the world will be lonely for me."

Mendanda said: "Go in peace, my friend. When the door shuts behind you a cold wind enters my heart."

When the hot afternoon sun disappeared in the west, Esteban came down the Zusta trail. Pilar da Silva waited by the tree. She came towards him.

She said: "How wonderful is life. My father is so pleased. This morning Olé, Pedro and Quincho Anzanas drove back the cattle. It seems they had strayed; had been driven into the police corral. He is a little annoyed because some are missing." She smiled at him archly. "He's pleased with you, too, for your kindness in putting his brand on the cattle before they left the corral. You must have worked hard."

Esteban shrugged his shoulders. "For your father I would do anything. Yesterday right through the broiling sun we four worked on the cattle. Nothing is too much for my Pilar." He put his arm about her. "I have news for you, my sweet. You are to be my wife."

She looked at him, her eyes glowing.

"Always, as you know," said Esteban, "the good will of your father has meant much to me. When he told me that some of his cattle were missing I was able to supply the deficiency at a very cheap price. Some unbranded cattle which I bought last month will be delivered to him tomorrow. Not only that," he said, "but listen to this, light of my soul. He has decided that it would be safer for me and his house that I should be his overseer. He has agreed that you shall be my wife. Now he knows that no longer will his cattle stray; that everything in his house will be at peace. Come, *cara*, let us go home."

They wandered down the pathway towards the main track, Esteban's *pinto* trailing behind them. After a little while Esteban threw away his long cigarro, began softly to sing an old Spanish love song.

Fred keeps the ball rolling

by RICHARD COLLIER

Joe Davis, the snooker king, wasn't keen on young brother Fred taking up snooker as a pro. It was too risky. But Fred was determined. Now *he's* the world champion in the family

Fred Davis watches his brother Joe in play. Fred won 36-35, 37-34

FOR A CRACK SNOOKER player to make a record break in just on seven minutes is a pretty rare event. For a player who has never previously been more than an average-good semi-finalist to do it—and establish it as a record for more than six years—is something of a snooker sensation.

But the bland, chubby little man who did it comfortably just on ten years ago was after bigger game than that. Last year he arrived at his goal, and Fred Davis, thirty-five year old brother of Joe Davis, the famous "Emperor of Pot," became World Snooker Champion: a title which he retained this year.

Fred complains that nobody seems prepared to accept his emergence as a snooker champion without a few afterthoughts which bring in brother Joe. No wonder he's a crack player, say some, considering he had his brother behind him, giving him all the tips.

"Nothing of the sort," says Fred. "If Joe had had *his* way, I'd never have been a player at all. Joe knew just how chancy the game was unless you were really first class, and he wasn't sure at first how I was going to make out."

Joe Was Too Busy

By the time Fred was eight years old, just old enough to take a serious interest in the little home-size billiards table in the Davis dining-room in Chesterfield, brother Joe, twelve years older, was already one of England's most promising players. Most of his time was spent away from home, and there wasn't much chance for him to give young Fred the hints that he badly needed.

But Davis Senior owned a cinema in those days, with a billiards-room attached, while the father of a boyhood friend actually owned a club. Fred managed to pick up quite a lot at odd moments, hanging around and watching the players. Sometimes, on Sunday mornings, when all was quiet, he managed to slip in and have a spot of practice himself.

He watched and practised to such good advantage that, by the time he was twelve, the Davis family began to sit up and take notice. In that year Fred first went to London to play in the Boy Billiards Championship, and three years later, at the age of fifteen, he won it.

Fred himself felt that he had made such rapid strides in his first seven years that he decided to throw caution to the winds and turn professional. So determined was he that even Joe's entreaties fell on deaf ears, and it wasn't until many years afterwards that he realized why Joe had been so concerned. For, out of all the boy players who showed such promise in those early matches, a youthful semi-finalist named Sidney Lee was the only one who ever made the grade.

Even when Fred won the Junior Billiards Championship, at the age of eighteen, he still—though he didn't know it—had a long way to go to perfect his play. So brother Joe, who ran his own billiards-rooms, decided, for several reasons, to make Fred the manager. In the first place, Fred would get plenty of chance to practise. In the second place, he would have plenty of chance to observe where the novices went wrong.

Fred found that in this connection even the tact of a billiards-rooms' staff was sometimes strained beyond breaking-point. There was the classic occasion when two amateurs were slamming the balls up and down the table. "What's the game, marker?" asked one of the tyros.

The marker replied frigidly: "The *score*, sir, is six-eight—the game is golf."

But though Fred soon profited by example in the matter of what *not* to do, what he needed more than anything else was expert tuition.

"And oddly enough," says Fred, "I got most of it, not from Joe, but from a chap called Arthur Marshall, who ran a local club. I think Arthur wanted to make me everything he could never be himself, because so far as he was concerned, he could never play professionally any more. You see, he'd only got one arm."

The one-armed Marshall began to coach Fred in the intricacies of the masse stroke, a difficult downward thrust that swerves the cue ball around the snookering ball and on to the object ball; the stun-shot, indispensable in record-break building, because it does not allow the cue ball to travel any distance.

Eye Trouble

Things just at that stage seemed deceptively easy. Fred had not only conquered parental opposition, but had learned to play an average-good game and covered himself with juvenile glory.

But now he began to lose form. He played one or two games with Joe and Joe made rings round him.

Joe was half-puzzled, half-annoyed. Fred complained: "I don't know what's the matter—I can't see the balls properly any more."

"In that case," retorted Joe, "you'd better go and see an oculist."

It almost looked as if Fred was finished before he had even started. Since snooker allows less margin for error than billiards, a keen eyesight and absolute potting accuracy are the first essentials of the game.

Fred went off and consulted an optician, and, after some experiment, they managed to produce the type of spectacles that he still wears when he plays today. They act on a swivel which he positions himself, so that he can obtain a view through them of the correct angle when down on the shot.

Fred worked alone at the game for eighteen months, trying to perfect his cue action with a quarter of an hour each day of "shooting the spots"—playing the cue ball up and down the table until he had developed a smooth follow-through action.

"It was terribly boring," he says, "but fifteen minutes of that every day will show an improvement in anyone's game."

Ask Fred what he considers to be the most important stroke in a snooker-player's game and he answers: "One hundred per cent efficiency in potting the black from any position around the spot—because you've a better chance of making breaks and winning. It's so much easier to make a break by concentrating on blue and pink—that's why it's important to master black."

The same deliberation of purpose that led Fred on to practise potting the black, day after day, led him on to try other things as well. He worked to cultivate precision timing, with a steady follow-through, all the time keeping his head well down. Experience in the past had taught him how often the best of players can miss a shot by jerking his head up at the moment of striking.

"Moving on the shot's instinctive in everyone," Fred says. "Even Joe, on very rare occasions, jumps up a bit too soon and misses in consequence."

By mid-1940, Fred was in the best form he had ever known, good enough to reach the finals of the World's Snooker Championship—and to be matched against his brother. In a 71-frame match, Joe just won, 36-35.

Fred spent the next five and a half years in the Royal Artillery, and, as he says, "anyone who was in the Army knows how often you got the chance of playing an exhibition match."

Fred wasn't at all sure how he felt about things when he finally became a civilian again, and was even less sure six weeks later, when he met Horace Lindrum in the world championship semi-finals and lost 78-67.

Fred Makes History

A combination of two things finally restored Fred's self-respect. Last year, in the finals at Leicester Square Hall, and again this year, he beat Walter Donaldson, who, he says, is "the most difficult player in the game to beat." Shortly afterwards he twice took on brother Joe and beat him on level terms: 36-35, 37-34. In doing this he made snooker history. No one had ever done it before.

At the same time he began to reap some of the rich harvest that comes a champion's way. He has less time to give to his hotel in Llandudno these days: from October to June he travels all over England, playing in matches or giving exhibitions almost every night of the week.

The pay-off is pleasantly worth while; twenty guineas per demonstration, with a fixed percentage of sixty per cent winner, forty per cent loser on the net profits, after the management and the Inland

Continued on page 30

A SORT OF TRAITORS

by NIGEL BALCHIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

On top of all their troubles, here was this pseudo-policeman, Mr. Prince, with his awkward questions—putting them in the dock as though they were criminals. But, as he said, it was easy to check up on a laboratory, harder to check up on loose tongues

PROFESSOR SEWELL, head of the Haughton Laboratory, had a devoted team of research workers. Individually and collectively they realized the importance of the work that they were doing. That work was nothing less than the means of controlling epidemics; something which, if successful, would save millions of human lives.

The research was going well, but Sewell was undecided about publishing its results.

Sewell was a strange mixture of contradictions. Brilliant technically, and passionately devoted to his work, he was yet a bit of an actor who loved to play the distinguished scientist and gloried in being lionized. Pruning his life of all emotional relationships, he had long since left his wife, a shallow chattering woman by whom he had one daughter, Mab, now married to Ralph Peach, a civil servant. Sewell was fond of Mab, who told him frankly that he was toying with human lives in his utter dedication to his scientific work.

Sewell's team included Shole, his right-hand man; Bob Marriott, a rather adolescent young biologist; and Lucy Byrne, with whom Marriott was attempting to have an affair.

Lucy Byrne's private life had been wrecked when her fiancé, Ivor Gates, had come back from the war minus both arms. Now she lived with him, looked after him hand and foot, and put up as best she could with the jealous masochistic rages into which he flew if Lucy took a drink with Marriott, or was a few minutes late in coming home.

At last, Sewell decided that the results of the Haughton Laboratory experiments on the control of epidemics should be published. Ironically, on the very day that he made his hesitant decision, the laboratory was visited by Sir Guthrie Brewer, scientific adviser to the Government. Sewell, in spite of his scorn for a man he considered a mere bureaucrat, allowed Brewer to inspect the laboratory.

And then the storm broke. For Sir Guthrie had come to tell Sewell that, although the experiments might well lead to the saving of millions of lives, their disclosure was too dangerous. If the stuff Sewell was producing got into enemy hands it would give the clue to the reverse process, by which bigger and better epidemics might be produced. Sir Guthrie's advice to the Government, then, would be: "Suppress publication of Sewell's work."

Sewell, blazing with anger, saw Gatling, the Lord President of the Council. Gatling was bland, blunt and persuasive in turn. Whatever Sewell might think about the duty of science to humanity, he said, the government of any country must be concerned with the practical effects of scientific discovery on the welfare of the state. He challenged Sewell to deny the danger of making the Haughton experiments public.

Sewell went away worried and depressed, but determined to fight on. As a preliminary shot in his battle with the authorities, he wrote to an American professor friend. But Sewell was now a watched man and his letter was intercepted. Ralph Peach, Sewell's civil servant son-in-law, worried by the old man's obstinacy, contacted Prince, responsible for tailing the professor. Prince was unimpressed. "Tell him not to be an old fool," he advised.

Meanwhile Ivor Gates, Lucy Byrne's lover, turned up at the lab and confided Lucy's emotional tangles to Bob Marriott. He was charming and Marriott naïvely imagined that they had become friends. Lucy was not so sure. Bitter, cynical and clever, Ivor could be ruthless if he wanted to "get at" somebody. Lucy thought that he wanted to get at Marriott.

However, Marriott insisted on meeting his "friend" again, and one night all three met for a drink together. Brown, a Bloomsbury friend of Ivor's, came as well, and was interested in Marriott's loose talk about the security measures taken at the Haughton Laboratory.

Sewell, now uncertain of himself as an individual, decided to invite Lucy Byrne to dinner. Surprised, Lucy accepted, but was worried by the necessity of finding somebody to spend the evening with Ivor. Ivor solved the problem. He knew very well whom he wanted to have spend the evening with him. It was high time, he told himself, that he really got busy on Mr. Marriott.

By the time they had consumed three whiskies apiece, Brown appeared in the bar and the conversation again came round to scientists, their consciences, and their duties to mankind.

Marriott disliked Brown, his slovenliness, his bulging eyes. He was surprised when Ivor readily agreed that the three of them should go back to Brown's place for a meal—and more talk.

Brown wanted to know why Marriott, protesting that he did not believe science should be confined by petty nationalistic and patriotic frontiers, did not act up to his convictions. Marriott wanted to know how on earth he, or anybody else, could do that, when the Government was in a position to ban publication. Brown protested that he knew nothing about that sort of thing—*but* there were evidently ways and means. Discoveries *had* been published. There was some sort of international organization. He knew a man. . . .

Back in Ivor's rooms, Marriott again felt revulsion for Brown and his conspiratorial approach. Was he really trying to get Marriott to pass on information to a foreign country? Or was he laying a trap? Perhaps the best thing would be to go to the police straight away—but Ivor dissuaded him.

The next morning Brewer returned to the laboratory to ask if he could borrow Shole and Marriott for six months to work in a Government research station.

It became apparent to both Shole and Marriott, though neither revealed it to the other, that their services would be used, not for the combating of virulent germs, but for the preparation of new ones: not defence, but attack.

Shole mentioned this to Sewell later, and Sewell, outraged, started writing an indignant note to Gatling, telling him that he was circulating the results of his experiments forthwith.

The effect on Marriott was even more dangerous. He had been brooding all day on the questions that Brown had raised. He went to the telephone. Got through to Gates. "Ivor," he said, "this is Bob. Do you happen to know the number of our friend last night?"

PART VII

Marriott Challenges Brown

WHEN Marriott left that evening at six fifteen it was still raining as hard as ever. He had no coat, and he stood for some time in the doorway waiting for the rain to slacken. But it went on pouring down out of solid, dun-coloured sky, and in the end he turned up his collar and ran the quarter of a mile to the tube station.

Running in the rain was always exhausting. He was still panting as he scrambled on to the crowded train. It was warm and dank, with a smell of wet clothes, and Marriott stood pressed against an old woman in a soaking mackintosh, feeling his wet trousers clinging uncomfortably to his thighs.

He tried to get his arm up to look at his watch, but the arm was tightly wedged against his side, and it was easier to see the time by the watch of a man who was sitting reading the evening paper.

The train began to rock violently. The old lady lost her balance and swayed back against him. He could not move, and it forced him back against the man behind him so that a whole file of people tottered, and the last man fell awkwardly on to the top of a soldier in one of the seats. Marriott grabbed the overhead rail to steady himself, and shut his eyes.

The clattering and roaring and swaying made it impossible to think. And yet the train was tearing along towards something and it was not necessary to go on clinging and be carried with it. In a moment it would stop at a station, and it was perfectly possible to get out. He was free. He was uncommitted. The boats lay unburned behind him, and this feeling of plunging forward with his head down and his eyes shut was only there because there might be danger ahead and he knew no other way of facing danger.

One fastened the fly-cage on one's arm and let the flies bite. Certainly, or almost certainly, nothing would happen. But one could not be sure without trying, and to try was the essence of the experimental method. There were the Brewers, and the Sholes, and he had looked at them and knew that whatever was right, that must be wrong. The answer must be elsewhere and one must look for it; and this feeling now was just the price one paid.

He told himself that whatever the answer—even if it was the police—it was essential to talk to Brown—to get Brown to commit himself. For a moment this cheered and even excited him. "Suspecting that Brown might be an agent I arranged to see him again. . . ."

But it was only for a moment and he knew that if Brown wasn't the answer he was nothing. Of no interest. Just a dull part of the whole heartbreaking stupidity of it all.

The rain had stopped, but a cold wind was blowing. His clothes were damp and as he came out of the warm, muggy air of the tube he shivered violently. It was five minutes past seven already and he still had to find the place, but he walked slowly in the crowded street. His glasses were misty, and he stopped and took them off and wiped them very slowly and deliberately.

There was a blind man playing the violin in the gutter. The closed eyes reminded him of Ivor and that contorted face and the strangled cry: "If only it had been me. . . !" But Ivor had given all he had already, and now it was his turn to look on.

He remembered the last sentences of Havelock Ellis. They had always impressed him, and he had learnt them by heart. "For a brief space it is granted to us, if we will, to enlighten the darkness that surrounds our path. . . . We press forward, torch in hand along the path. Soon from behind comes the runner who will outpace us. All our skill lies in giving into his hand the living torch, bright and unflickering, as we ourselves disappear in the darkness."

If we will. To enlighten if we will. . . .

IT had sounded difficult to find the pub, but he walked straight to it. It was a dreary Victorian place and it looked very full. As Marriott came to it he suddenly increased his pace and walked straight past the door without looking at it, and on down the street. It was the last lighted place, and after it there were only slummy houses and the dim street-lights.

He stopped in the shadows between two of the lights and looked back at its doorway. He was still shivering but it was only because his clothes were wet and clammy, and he didn't in the least mind meeting Brown or anybody else. It was only going in at the doorway into a bar that had a lot of people in it, and standing there for the second until he saw Brown. Standing in the doorway and looking round, and that would only be for a moment.

A man and a woman passed him, going towards the pub, and he fell in behind them. He meant to go with them to the door and then quietly turn aside and go in. But they turned in at the lighted door themselves and he followed close

behind, so that one opening of the inner glass door was enough for all three of them.

The place was crowded and very noisy and smoky, and there was no sign of Brown, though it was nearly a quarter past seven. He felt that he had never been anywhere so intolerably public, and half-turned towards the door.

But there was a corner with an upturned cask as a table, and nobody at it, and he went and sat down and decided to give it five minutes. As soon as he had done so he realized that the backs of the crowd standing at the bar and the roar of talk shut everything in with a kind of perverse privacy, like the roaring of a mill wheel.

He saw Brown come in and look quickly round, and he half-raised a hand in greeting. Brown saw him, but he did not come straight over. Instead he jerked his head slightly towards the bar and went up to it and gave an order. The barman started to pour whisky, and all the time that he was pouring it, Brown's eyes were flickering about the bar as though he was looking for somebody.

Even when he had the whisky and had paid for it he seemed to hesitate for a moment before he came across.

Marriott said: "You're late," and he said: "Yes. I'm sorry," and put the drinks down on the table. As Marriott looked up he saw that Brown's face was a dirty yellow, and that his hands were shaking, and realized that the man was frightened. There was something at once utterly disgusting and reassuring about his fear.

Marriott said contemptuously: "I won't keep you long. I only wanted to ask you about something you said last night."

Brown's eyes were still roving round the bar. He sat down and said vaguely: "Last night?"

"Yes. About — what was it — the International Scientific Exchange." When one came to say it, this title had an absurdly improbable sound.

Brown said shortly: "Oh, that?" He seemed to make an effort, and for the first time turned the bulging eyes on Marriott's face. "What did you want to know about it?"

Marriott lit a cigarette. "Supposing I wanted to make use of it," he said thoughtfully. "What should I have to do?"

"I don't know," said Brown. "I told you—I don't really know anything about it." He spoke with a sort of querulous irritation.

There was a pause and then Marriott said:

"You offered to introduce me to somebody who knew all about it."

"Did I? Well, I suppose. . . ." Brown hesitated. "I don't guarantee that I've got it right, you know. It was just something mentioned casually."

"Well—*can* you introduce me?"

Brown took an audible breath. He said: "I suppose I could. Of course, I imagine they're pretty sticky about who they take on, you know. . . ."

In a way that was a relief—the moment when the flies settled down into that obscene position. Marriott looked at the end of his cigarette and said: "You wouldn't have been willing to take the stuff and show it to them, and see what they said?"

There was a long pause, but he deliberately didn't look up. At last Brown's voice said: "Well — I don't know. It's nothing to do with me, of course. But I might possibly be able to—to arrange for somebody to look at it for you."

Marriott had meant to go on longer, but the crudity of it turned him suddenly sick. He said: "For heaven's sake, what

"What's it all about?" Lucy asked Mr. Prince. Shole said: "There's some question of a—a security leak, Lucy"

d'you think I am?" He looked up. Brown was looking carefully puzzled.

Marriott said: "I know what the game is. I knew last night. All I don't know it who you're working for, and I can have a pretty good guess at that."

Brown's face was yellower than ever, but he still looked puzzled and only said slowly: "I don't understand you."

Marriott had expected him to show more fright. He said roughly: "Well, I understand *you*. As it happens I haven't brought the police with me, but they'd be very interested in the International Scientific Exchange."

Surprisingly, Brown smiled. "Of course they would," he said calmly. "I always told you the whole thing was illegal." He picked up his glass, and his hand was quite steady now. "But I assumed you were a person who could be trusted."

"You assumed that I was a bloody fool."

"I really don't see what you mean."

"Are you sticking to it that the International Scientific Exchange exists?"

"Presumably. Unless the man who told me about it was lying."

"Well, I'll suggest something else—that he wanted to get hold of this information for—for a foreign Power."

"But of course. For all foreign Powers. Surely that was what we were talking about? You said——"

"I know. It's all beautifully international, isn't it? Grossman of Harvard is a member."

"I told you I didn't know any of the members."

"Anyhow, the idea is that the stuff goes everywhere, eh? America, Russia, France, China, everywhere?"

"So I understand."

MARRIOTT shook his head. "I don't see what you gain by this," he said, frowning. "If I was going to turn nasty I could put the police on you for what you've said already. I don't care who you work for. They're all just human beings to me. Why should I care which lot pays you? Why not put your cards on the table?"

"Pays me?" said Brown indignantly. "What d'you mean? Nobody pays me. I tell you it's nothing to do with me." His voice took on a note of inquiry. "You're being rather unreasonable, aren't you? You tell me that you desperately want some stuff published. I tell you about something I happen to have heard about. And the next thing is that you bring me here and talk about putting the police on to me and ask who's paying me and God knows what. I wish I'd never mentioned the whole thing."

"But all the same, you'd take the stuff if I'd hand it over to you?"

Brown hesitated. "I'm not at all sure, after the way you've talked."

"You would," said Marriott bitterly. "You'd find you would. Just because you feel so strongly about science and humanity and—and so on." He suddenly felt oddly limp and tired.

He said: "Look—you think I'm a fool. Maybe I am. But I'm not the sort of fool you think. I know exactly what I'm doing and all this is just a waste of time. I want to be put in touch with—with whoever you work for. That's all. I'm not making any promises. I haven't made my mind up yet, and it's most improbable that I—that I should give anybody anything. But I'm willing to meet them and—and see what I think." It was essential to remember that it was nothing to do with Brown at all. It was easier to do that if one kept one's eyes shut.

Brown said gently: "Well, of course, the only person I could put you in touch with would be the man who told me about the Exchange."

The obscene attitude. Fastened there, sucking with the infected mouth. The price one paid. But one could pay it.

Marriott said: "All right. I dare say he'll do."

He opened his eyes and with an effort smiled at the yellow face that goggled at him across the cask. "I know you've got to be careful," he said. "After all, you don't know me very well. I can quite see that."

Brown said: "It's a thing where we've all got to be careful. I told you from the start. . . ."

"But you needn't think," said Marriott suddenly, "that it's anything to do with you—that you've been clever or—or charming or. . . . You wouldn't have taken in a child of three, and what I'd really like to do is to kick your backside." The monstrous obscenity of it rose up and blurred his eyes and filled his throat.

"You dirty skunk," he said hoarsely. "If anybody could have stopped me doing it, it's you. Putting dirt on everything. . . ." His voice cracked and he turned aside with a sudden retching cough.

Brown was staring thoughtfully at his glass. After a moment he said curtly: "Well — d'you want to meet — this man?"

Marriott shut his eyes. "I've already told you I do," he said with dreary obstinacy.

LUCY said: "We'll just pop down the alley and straighten you up."

"You say that every morning, as though you'd just thought of it," said Ivor. He grinned down at her. "New every morning is the love. . . ." As they went into the alley he sniffed and said: "It's just the same as in a garden. The rain brings out all the smells."

"Prop yourself up against that wall, darling, being *very* careful to Commit No Nuisance." Lucy fumbled in her bag for a comb.

"Use mine," said Ivor. "Breast pocket."

As she was combing his hair he said: "I wish I'd learnt to write with my toes. They offered to teach me and I wouldn't let them. There are times when it's a nuisance not to be able to write."

"What d'you want to be able to write?"

"A letter. To you."

She stopped combing and said: "To me? What about?"

"This and that."

"Why not just say it?"

Ivor smiled curiously at her. "I can't do that. It wouldn't come right."

"Is it a nice letter? I mean the sort of letter I should like to get?"

"Mixed. You wouldn't like some of it, but I think. . . ." He suddenly frowned. "I don't know."

Lucy said: "There," and put the comb back in his pocket and stood waiting, but Ivor still leaned against the wall. He said: "There's no hurry. We're early. I don't think that you've ever really understood our relationship, you know."

"Is that what you'd like to write me a letter about?"

"Partly." He opened his lips and said: "Cigarette."

"Have you got time?"

"Yes." He waited while she lit the cigarette and put it between his lips. "Thank you. You see, your trouble has always been that you think I'm either too sorry for myself or not sorry enough—depending on how I'm feeling. You think the right amount to be sorry for me is the amount you are. Natural, but quite wrong."

He smiled and added: "You can look at your watch if you want to. It'll tell you that you'll be five minutes late getting to the lab., which will be a tragedy. And then again you're wrong about my feelings towards you. You think I'm grateful for all you've done for me, but that I don't love you. Both wrong, as it happens. I'm not grateful and I do love you."

Lucy said: "You're making me out a bit dumb, darling."

"All that sort of thing," said Ivor. "Perfectly easy to set out on paper, but difficult to explain clearly in words. Anyhow, kiss me. No. Not like that. Properly, with your arms round my neck."

After a moment Lucy said: "Look—I think this is probably committing a nuisance, you know. . . ." and took her arms away. He was leaning against the wall with his eyes shut. He said: "Thank you," in a low voice.

Lucy stood looking at him with a slight frown. She was holding the burning cigarette that she had taken from his mouth. He opened his eyes and looked at her in silence for a moment. Then he pulled himself upright and started towards the mouth of the alley.

Lucy said: "Do you want your cigarette back?"

"No," he said wearily. "Chuck it away."

"Going in now?"

"Why not? It's time, isn't it?" He lifted his head and looked at the big square building. "My God," he said with sudden bitterness. "When they do spoil things for you, they spoil them good and proper. It's not fair, not being able to write you that letter. It's a thing they've no right to stop anybody from doing."

Lucy said: "You must just have a shot at saying it some time. I can probably sort it out."

He gave a sudden laugh and said: "All right. I will say it. All you hear you have, and the rest you'll have to guess. You'll get it pretty wrong, but what the hell does it matter?"

They were near the entrance now. Ivor said: "By the way—no need to fetch me tonight. Somebody's coming my way."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Just come straight home. I'll be there before you." He turned and looked at her for a moment. His face was twitching and there was that queer look of fear and entreaty in his eyes. She had seen that look so often as they stood there in front of the big building. She said gently: "It's all right, darling. It'll be all right once you're inside."

"That's right," he said slowly. "It'll be all right once I'm inside."

IT was striking five o'clock when Jumbo took Peach up in the rope lift. Shole had just arrived and was hanging up his raincoat.

Mr. Prince said: "Ah, here you are, Mr.—Mr.—— Let's see—you don't know Dr. Shole, do you?"

Peach said: "Yes. It's Dr. Shole I d-*do* know." He shook hands with Shole.

"Well, if you *know* one another," said Mr. Prince in surprise, "that's fine. It makes it easier. At least, it doesn't make it any harder; which is something."

He sat down, wriggled himself deeply into his tub-chair, grunting gently as he did so, and said: "Cigarettes in that box. Or if there aren't I'll skin that girl of mine." He closed his eyes and sat for a moment as though in prayer. Shole took out his pipe and blew through it very gently, as though not to disturb him.

After a few moments Mr. Prince opened his watery blue eyes and stared at Peach. His face looked even more cyanosed than usual in the hard, blueish, artificial light.

"Well, now," he said. "I don't know how far you're concerned in this, Mr.—Mr.——"

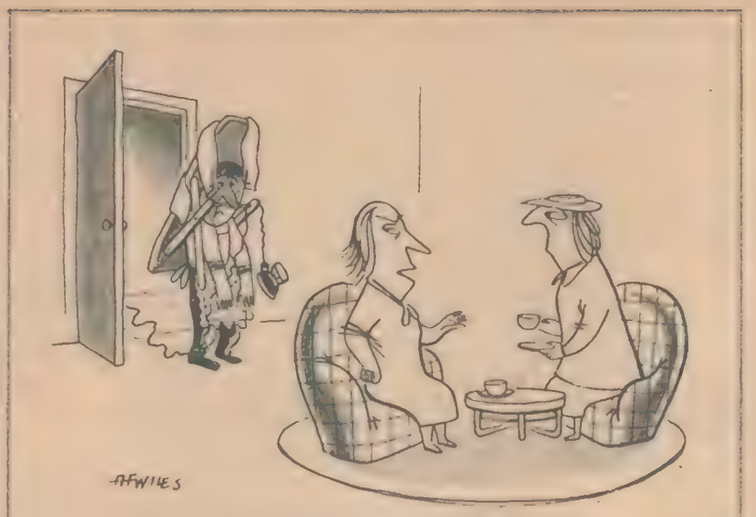
"Peach."

"That's right. Mr. Peach. I don't know who *is* concerned. I wish I did. But I was told to keep you in touch, and here I am, keeping you in touch." He turned to Shole. "Dr. Shole's a different thing. He *is* concerned." Mr. Prince paused and turned his head sharply from one to the other and back again for several moments, like a man watching a tennis match.

"Now, as you both know, some time back we were told to keep an eye on the Haughton Laboratory. It was one of these 'no trouble' jobs. We weren't to *do* anything, of course. We were just to see that nothing leaked from a place which wasn't under proper security control, which was part of another building, which might be open all hours of the day and night—and so on. Just one of those little jobs that make us go away and shoot ourselves."

Mr. Prince sighed. "Anyhow, we did our best. And with Dr. Shole's kind help I think we got the inside part of it into some sort of shape. But, of course, we've never had any control over the tongues of the people who worked there, and as Mr. Peach knows, that's given us all a lot of anxiety."

Mr. Prince had stopped watching his



"'Let me iron my shirt, dear,' he says. 'I'm not *entirely* helpless, you know,' he says . . ."

tennis match and was staring dreamily at the ceiling. "Now, one of the first things we did, of course, was to have a little check up on those people who worked in the place, just to make sure they were all right, you know. Well—they *were* all right. But there was just one small point."

Without moving his head, Mr. Prince lowered his eyes to Shole. "You've got a girl in your department named Byrne."

"Yes. Lucy Byrne."

"That's right. Well, Lucy Byrne's got a boy friend named Gates. Rather rum sort of boy friend, because he's got no arms. Lost both his arms in the war. She lives with him. You may know about it, Dr. Shole?"

Shole shook his head. "No. I thought there was probably somebody, but. . . ."

"Yes. Well—no reason why you should know or why you shouldn't. No reason why she shouldn't live with him if she wants to. There's nothing against Gates personally, except that he's an Irishman and he can't help that. But it *did* come up—and I don't mind telling you it came up more or less by chance—that Gates has got one or two friends that—that are friends of ours, if you follow me. I don't know how well he knows them. Quite probably not well at all. May be just casual acquaintances. But, anyhow, Gates was certainly on some sort of terms with a fellow named Evans—sometimes he's Evans and sometimes he's Brown, and I think his name's really Parsons. But he's most often Evans, so we call him Evans. Well, now, we don't care for Evans."

Shole said: "Does *Lucy* know him?"

"I don't know. Maybe yes or maybe no. Anyhow, that was the starting point." Mr. Prince looked at the ceiling and sighed. "Now look what happens," he said sorrowfully. "You've got a man named Marriott. He knows Byrne."

"They work together."

"Yes. Well, Byrne takes Marriott to a pub and they meet Gates, and then who should come in but Evans. Now, let's be fair. That may just be chance. Easily."

Shole was sitting forward in his chair with his head slightly on one side like an anxious Alsatian's. "I think it quite probably was, you know," he said. "After all, there's nothing odd in——"

"Nothing odd at all," said Mr. Prince, waving it away. "But *now* what happens? Just after this, Marriott goes along again and meets Gates, and again Evans shows up. And this time they go to Evans's house—or the house he uses."

"Marriott and Lucy as well?"

"No. That's where it gets a bit involved. *She* isn't there—because she's spending the evening with. . . ." He cocked a watery eye at Peach. "With your father-in-law."

Peach's hand went to his Imperial. He said: "Oh!" rather blankly.

"Now, let's be fair," said Mr. Prince. "Let's *still* be fair. There's no reason that I know why your father-in-law shouldn't take one of his staff to dinner, even if she is pretty. There's no reason why this should have anything to do with her boy friend meeting Marriott and Evans. But, as you know, he's been a bit naughty over this whole business and—well, there you are."

"You've no reason to s-suppose that he's m-met Evans?"

"I don't know. You never know anything on these jobs. There may be nothing to any of it. In fact I thought there probably *wasn't* anything to it till this morning. But now I get this. . . ."

He picked up a piece of paper from his desk. "This is from a different angle altogether—right outside the Haughton job. It just tells me that some of the people we're interested in are expecting some information—*scientific* information—within twenty-four hours. Now, let's be fair. I always like to be fair. It may not have anything to do with this job. But it *has* got something to do with Evans."

He turned to Shole and said anxiously: "You're a scientist, Dr. Shole, and I wouldn't like to go jumping to conclusions in front of you and have you laughing at me. But here it is—we don't like Evans. Evans reckons he's going to get some scientific information. He's recently been in direct touch with two members of the staff of the Haughton and, maybe, directly or indirectly with Mr. Peach's father-in-law." He shook his head. "Well, you see, my instructions are that there isn't to be any trouble. . . . This Marriott. What sort of fellow's he?"

Shole hesitated. "Well, he's rather young and—immature for his age. But I should say he was straight as a line."

"Honest, eh?"

"Absolutely."

Mr. Prince shook his head. "I don't like the sound of that," he said gloomily. "I don't mind a slippery one, but these honest chaps turn you grey. How well's he know Sewell?"

"Well—he's one of his young men."

"They get on together, eh?"

"Moderately. He irritates the Professor rather. He's an irritating boy in some ways. But the Professor's had him since he was a student and I think he's fond of him."

"And he works with the girl?"

"Yes." Shole hesitated. "I think . . . I think he may be—rather smitten."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince. He looked at the ceiling and sighed. "Well, I think we must start asking some questions. I don't *like* asking questions, but I don't see what else we can do. Start with the girl, eh?"

Peach said tentatively: "It's nothing to do with me, but from what you've told us isn't *Marriott* the—the point?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Prince. "That's the devil of these jobs. You never know anything." He turned to Shole. "Byrne'll be at the lab?"

An hour later, Lucy was shown in. Prince said: "Now, Miss Byrne, if you'd sit there," and put her in the chair immediately facing the desk. Lucy smiled nervously at Shole in the corner, and he smiled back and nodded reassuringly.

Mr. Prince said: "All right. Going

Continued on page 27

NOW YOU KNOW

by BERNARD GEIS

IF CAUGHT IN A burning building, remember at least two things. First, do not walk upright. Crawl, because the nearer you are to the floor, the less the smoke and fumes.

Secondly, use caution in opening a door, especially one leading to a hall or stairway. A searing blast of overheated air may rush through the suddenly opened doorway and prove instantly fatal. Touch the door. If it is hot, keep it closed and look for some other way out of the building.

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ENRICHED CREME SHAMPOO

From all good chemists and cosmetic counters – today

Just look at its rich consistency glowing with goodness.

HRI 22

A SORT OF TRAITORS

Continued from page 25

to ask you some questions and I know you'll give us all the help you can. How old are you, Miss Byrne?"

"Twenty-four."

"How long have you been at the Haughton?"

"Just over three years."

"Went there straight from the university?"

"Yes."

"And all the time you've been there you've been working on—on this stuff with Dr. Shole?"

"Yes."

"Who d'you work with chiefly?"

Lucy hesitated and glanced at Shole. "Well—I work under Dr. Shole, and chiefly with a man named Marriott."

"That's right." Mr. Prince nodded and glanced at his finger nails.

"You've got a friend named Mr. Gates?"

"Yes."

"You see a—a lot——?"

"I live with him."

"*That's* right. How long have you known him?"

"Since . . . I think it was 1943. We were engaged and then. . . ."

"Yes. I see. How long have you lived with him?"

"Since I—got a job. About three years."

"Sure."

MR. PRINCE blinked at her for a moment. "Look," he said hopefully, "do you know a man named Evans?"

Lucy hesitated. "Yes. The doorkeeper at the Haughton?"

"No. 'Nother one? Friend of Mr. Gates?"

She frowned and shook her head. "Evans? No. Is he somebody at the Centre?"

"No. All right. Forget it. Know a man named Brown?"

"Bill Brown? Yes."

"Friend of Mr. Gates?"

"Yes."

"You know him?"

"I've met him. I don't know him well."

"How long have you known him?"

"I'm not really sure when I met him first. I think about a year ago. Then I saw him again about three weeks ago in a pub. Those are the only times I've met him."

"He's never been to your house?"

"Once, I think. When I went out and somebody had to come in and sit with Ivor."

"Anyhow, Mr. Gates knows him well?"

"I wouldn't say *very* well. He knows him better than I do. But he hasn't seen him very often."

"You're sure of that?"

"Yes. You see—I have to be with Ivor practically all the time when he's not at the Centre."

"Yes," said Mr. Prince thoughtfully. "Yes. I see." He studied his nails. "You work chiefly with Marriott?"

"Yes."

"Has he ever met Mr. Gates?"

"Yes. Two or three times."

"Has he ever met Evans? I mean Brown?"

"Yes. He has met Brown. In the pub when I did."

"Any other time?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Can you answer me this . . . is there any time that you can think of, apart from the pub, when Marriott and Gates and Brown could have met?"

There was a moment's pause. Then Lucy said slowly: "I don't know of any time when they *did*. But I can think of one when they might have. About a week ago. . . ." She turned to Shole. "It was the night I went out to dinner with Professor Sewell. Bob dined with Ivor to keep him company. They might have seen Brown."

"But you weren't told they had?"

"No." She smiled slightly. "I wasn't told anything about it."

"Why?" said Mr. Prince quickly.

"Well . . . I didn't want Bob to go in the first place."

"Why?"

There was a long silence. "I don't really know," said Lucy slowly. "It was a—a purely personal thing. I just didn't think they were—very good for each other." She hesitated. "It's a bit difficult to explain. . . ." She looked up suddenly. "Can I ask a question? Did—did something funny happen when Bob went to dinner?"

"Why should it?" said Mr. Prince gently.

"No particular reason."

"But what makes you think it might have?"

"I don't know," said Lucy helplessly. "I just wondered. It's the only time I haven't been with Ivor for. . . ."

Mr. Prince was looking at her with the mild, watery blue eyes. "They went to see Brown that night. Does that mean anything to you?"

"No. Except that I don't like him."

Mr. Prince said: "We'll come back to that later. Just before we do—you went out to dinner that night with Professor Sewell?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well—because he asked me."

"Has he ever done that before?"

"No."

"Did he want anything in particular or was it just—just social? Did he want to talk about—work or anything?"

"I don't think so. I don't think he talked about work all the evening."

"I see. Has he ever met Gates?"

"No."

"Or Brown?"

"Not as far as I know."

"All right. Now about this evening. How was it fixed up? You went out with the Professor and Marriott went to Gates. Which was fixed first?"

"My going out with Professor Sewell. I told Ivor I was going and asked if he'd like somebody in, and he said Bob Marriott."

"And you say you were against that?"

LUCY said: "Yes. Ivor wanted me to ask Bob and I wouldn't, so he asked him himself."

"And you were never told they saw Brown?"

"Bob never told me he'd been at all. He may still think I don't know. Ivor told me Bob had been but he never said anything about Brown."

"So far as you were concerned, Miss Byrne, there was no connection at all between your going out with the Professor and Marriott going to see Gates and meeting Brown?"

Lucy shook her head. "No . . . except that I was out and so Ivor was—was by himself."

Mr. Prince sat back in his chair and looked from Shole to Peach and back again. "That's right," he said. "That's quite right." He turned back to Lucy and said gently: "Miss Byrne—I'm going to have to ask you some questions about Mr. Gates. I've got to ask these things. Do your best for me."

Her lips said "Yes" soundlessly. Then, as Prince was beginning, she said: "Before you do—can you just tell me—what it's all about?"

There was a moment's silence. Shole said: "Can I——?"

Mr. Prince hesitated and then nodded curtly. "O.K., doctor. Go ahead."

Shole said: "There's some question of a—a security leak, Lucy."

"On the work?"

"Yes."

"I see," she said very quietly. "All right."

"Well, now you know that," said Mr. Prince, "you'll see what I want to ask you. First of all—is there anything that you've done or said that—that could lead to a leak?"

"No." Instinctively. And then: "I don't think so."

"Have you talked to Gates about it?"

"He knew the sort of work we were doing. He knew that before there was any question of—of its being secret. But I've never told him any details. He wasn't interested."

"He's never asked you about it?"

"No. It's—it's not the sort of thing he would ask."

"Have you ever heard him ask Marriott about it?"

Think back to that night in the pub. She had picked the pub cat up, and it had clung on to her skirt with its claws. Bob's face had been flushed and his voice loud. We mustn't talk about it in pubs. She raised the calm brown eyes slowly to Mr. Prince's face.

"No. I don't think so."

"Just be sure about that," said Mr. Prince unexpectedly.

She thought for a proper length of time and shook her head. "No."

"Is there anything you know about Gates—anything in—in his attitude or his politics or what have you—that might lead you to think he'd be interested to—to get this information? What are his politics, anyhow?"

"I don't think he's got any." She frowned slightly. "You see," she said, "Ivor's not—not like an ordinary person. He hardly sees anybody except me and the people at the Centre. I don't think he could have a—a thing like this without my knowing. . . ." Her voice faded away.

Shole had been scribbling on a piece of paper. He passed it to Mr. Prince, who read it and nodded.

Shole leant forward and said: "Lucy—I think there's a thing here that you may have got wrong. This leak hasn't *happened* yet. At least—we don't think so. But it may be going to and what we're trying to do is to stop it."

She was sitting up very straight now. She said: "It *hasn't* happened?" in a queer, strained voice.

"Probably not. And if we know where to look we can probably stop it altogether, with—with no bones broken. Now—can you help us?"

She sat and stared at Shole. Her eyes were slowly filling with tears. She bit at her lip and shook her head silently.

Mr. Prince said: "You've no idea *why* Gates took Marriott to see Brown?"

SHE shook her head again and then lowered it quickly. The only defence now. "No. No. I don't know."

Shole said quickly: "She doesn't know. I'm sure she. . . ."

"That's right," said Mr. Prince. He got up and just brushed Lucy's shoulder with his hand in passing. "That's all right, Miss Byrne. Don't worry. You've done fine."

Lucy blinked quickly and looked up. Her face was pale but quite calm again.

"Now, look," said Mr. Prince, standing looking down at her. "We shall have to go out and see Gates. Must, you see. You'd better stay here. . . ."

Lucy said calmly: "No. If you're going to see Ivor I'd better come."

"Why?"

"Well—he may be frightened and—and so on. I'd better really. You see, I—I'm used to handling him."

Mr. Prince pursed his lips. "May not be very pleasant for you."

Peach said: "Less unpleasant, perhaps, than s-staying here."

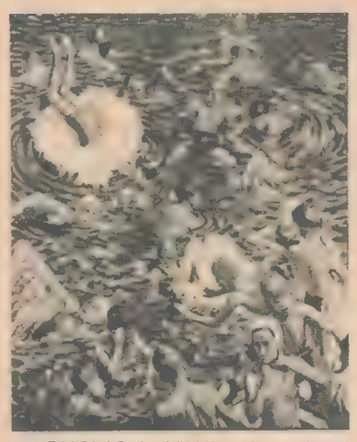
Lucy turned and looked at Peach as though she was noticing him for the first time. She said: "Yes," and smiled at him gratefully.

"All right," said Mr. Prince. "As you like. Then suppose you come through here and sit down and talk to Miss Berry until we're ready to go."

There was a telephone in Miss Berry's office. And this time he wouldn't smile patronizingly. But they never left her alone for a moment.

To be continued next week

THIS WEEK'S COVER



DOUGLAS L. MAYS, who painted this picture, is a sea-and-sun enthusiast himself. The serious swimmers cleaving through the crowd and the splash-abouts unconcernedly getting on with their fun make the kind of summer scene he has often watched—he has four boisterous daughters of his own

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

Business that's up in the air

by LAWRENCE EARL

It caters for people in a hurry. Regular clients include jockeys, racegoers, and children with whooping cough—but there are trickier customers

Olley hands child to mother before "whooping cough special" takes off

JUST THE OTHER WEEK, an American of considerable means left London to catch the *Queen Mary* at Southampton. As his several locked trunks were lined up in the Customs shed for inspection, he realized with embarrassed dismay that he had left his keys in his recently vacated room at the Savoy Hotel.

The *Queen* was scheduled to leave in two hours: what could he do to avoid missing the boat?

What he did was to telephone a short, roly-poly gentleman in his mid-fifties who answers to the name of Gordon Percy Olley. He explained the situation.

"Don't give it another thought," Olley said. "I'll have the keys in your hands in an hour."

And he did. For Olley, who operates one of the busiest of Britain's seventy charter air companies, specializes in tackling the impossible and making it seem just part of the day's work.

Since he owns seventeen aircraft of various types and employs fifteen crews to fly them, not to mention his ground and office staff of sixty, he is able to spread his activities over a wide and exciting field.

His sky taxis have carried madmen to the Middle East and society belles to a New Year's Eve dance in Stockholm. They are regularly used as aerial ambulances.

Bird's Eye View

Newspaper reporters, photographers and radio commentators have hired them to get a bird's eye view of triumph or disaster. His planes have flown big-game hunters to darkest Africa, racing fans to big meets and Indian princes to a social season in Europe.

For fifteen years now Olley has managed to show a profit while many in the same work have fallen by the wayside. A couple of years ago, 150 air charter companies operated on these islands. Now, that number is cut by more than half, but Olley rolls serenely and adventurously on at the rate of 2,000,000 air miles a year.

His busiest season is between Whitsun and the end of September. In order to fill in during the quiet time of early spring, Olley provides a service especially for children with whooping cough—largely a seasonal ailment. He simply sits them comfortably in a plane and takes them 10,000 feet into the air.

"I don't guarantee a cure," Olley explains, "but the flight usually relieves congestion and, for a time at least, stops the coughing." Since this complaint is extremely contagious among the very young, one customer often brings another. It is not unusual for three or four children of the same family to go whooping away, usually accompanied by an anxious mother, to the ten thousand foot level.

Oilfield On Fire

When, a couple of years ago, the great Bahrein oilfields caught fire, the oil company's chief fireman cabled a rush order to a British firm which manufactures asbestos suits. They, in turn, got in touch with Olley, who promptly packed them into one of his waiting aircraft and dispatched them —on time—to the Middle East.

A considerable slice of Olley's income comes from his work as an aerial undertaker. ("We even get the body embalmed.")

But for the most part he is called upon to provide sky hearses only when the victim has died in a country other than his own and is being taken home for burial. Air transport in such cases is most convenient.

It cuts out frontier difficulties. It eliminates the need for special papers, documents and delays. Since it is prohibited to carry a corpse in a scheduled airline with fare-paying passengers, this business naturally goes to the charter companies.

The same general conditions which make charter aircraft ideal for the grim task of carrying corpses apply to certain other payloads as well, including the transport of the mentally ill.

Not long ago Francis Gonsalves, one of Olley's veteran pilots, was assigned to fly a wealthy Indian back to Calcutta, from which he had come to undergo a serious brain operation. The operation had saved his life, but unfortunately he remained hopelessly insane. Before he left London, doctors gave him a powerful sedative calculated to keep him quiet for the journey.

But on the second day the drug began to wear off. Gonsalves became aware of this when he heard wild screams.

The patient's brother, who had accompanied him all the way, tried to soothe him. His reward was to have a piece bitten out of his hand. The sick man also tried to scratch the eyes out of anyone who came near.

As if that wasn't excitement enough, near Basra the aircraft ran into a violent sandstorm and had to make a forced landing on the desert.

"We somehow managed to get our passenger, a strong and raving madman by then, into a Basra hotel and quieted down," Gonsalves recalls with a shudder. "I hope never again to have an experience as harrowing!"

Learned In First War

Olley learned to fly in the Royal Flying Corps of the first World War. He came out of it hale, hearty and anxious to find congenial work.

When he was offered a job as pilot on the new air service to Paris he thought he had found exactly what he wanted.

"But," Olley says, "I got tired of merely going back and forth between two points. I wanted something livelier."

He got it. In 1933, backed by the late Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, chairman of the British-American Tobacco Company, he started into business for himself with one small twin-engined aircraft available for charter work.

Steadily, the Olley charter business blossomed. It became fashionable for big-game hunters to fly into the veldt. When the University of Chicago decided to make use of aeroplanes for their archaeological expeditions to the Middle East, Olley took them.

With the war, all charter airlines stopped for the duration—except his. Carrying V.I.P.s for the Government, he flew men whose names now belong in history books. Among them were Wendell Willkie, ex-United States Postmaster-General James A. Farley, and Australia's Robert Menzies.

Early in 1946, the Government freed the air for charter companies once more. Since scheduled land, sea and air transport companies were congested with postwar traffic, the charter outfits jumped in after the overflow.

The boom lasted until the end of 1947; then many companies withered and died. Olley stayed on, but now he

was too busy drumming up trade to do much flying himself.

Sometimes, trade offers itself too freely. There was, for instance, the case of Goodtime Charlie.

That bibulous gentleman, having over-enjoyed the bounties of a series of London night clubs, decided to carry on his merrymaking in Paris where drinking establishments are far less strict about closing hours. Since Olley keeps a duty crew ready for call at any time of the day or night, Charlie had no trouble arranging for aerial passage.

Forgot His Passport

However, on arrival at Le Bourget, the pilot and French immigration authorities made the simultaneous discovery that the reveller had neglected to bring his passport. Three hours later, hoarse with arguing and painfully approaching sobriety, he climbed back into the aircraft for England.

Olley shakes his head when he recalls the incident. "He's tried that stunt several times since," he says. "We don't take him any more. Not, that is, unless he produces his passport first."

Olley doesn't ask questions about his customers or their business. "I simply attend to my own," he says.

But his rock-bound determination not to pry into matters which he feels do not concern him has, every now and again, landed Olley or one of his pilots neck-deep in a situation that belongs only in a spy thriller. A classic, and history-making, example occurred in 1936 when a request came into his Croydon office to "take a Riff leader off the Canary Islands to start a revolution in Spanish Morocco."

Olley assigned his chief pilot, Charles Bebb, to the job.

Bebb says: "I had no idea what was going on; but I knew it was no ordinary flight. From London I was told to fly a Spaniard named Bidwell Bolin, together with a Major Pollard, his daughter Diana, and a friend, to Bordeaux. The last three were British. I surmised they were being taken along to give the party a tourist atmosphere."

Night In Casablanca

At Bordeaux Bebb picked up another passenger, the Marquis del Merito, and moved on. When they stopped overnight at Casablanca he overheard Pollard making a trunk telephone call. He thought the one-sided conversation had the distinct flavour of double-talk.

"The seed has been sown," Pollard said softly into the mouthpiece. "The harvest is now ripening and we will soon bring it in."

On the third day Bebb landed his passengers at Las Palmas. Pollard disappeared—and Bebb, after being virtually abducted from his hotel and taken by car to a châlet high in the mountains, underwent a three-hour grilling. Then he was returned to Las Palmas.

The following day, twelve automobiles, bristling with armed men in and out of uniform, escorted him to the seaside airfield, eleven miles from town. All the way he heard the ominous rattle of rifle fire.

"When," Bebb demanded at the airfield, "is this Riff leader arriving? How long am I expected to wait?"

One of his armed escorts pointed silently to a tugboat approaching along the coast. When it neared the field, several soldiers waded out to meet it. They carried a short, solidly built man on their shoulders to the shore. He wore a red sash diagonally across his military tunic.

"Is that my man?" Bebb asked.

"Yes."

Red Sash walked towards the waiting group. Then one of the officers turned to Bebb with a knowing smile.

"It's safe to tell you now," he said. "You are going to have the honour of rescuing from exile the future dictator of Spain. His name is General Francisco Franco!"

Naturally, such assignments don't come Olley's way every week. He claims not to be even remotely interested in the political—or other—affairs of his clients; but since he is a vigorous proponent of the freest of free enterprise and insists on running his busy company at a profit, he *is* interested in his fees.

These are surprisingly low, ranging from 1s. 6d. a mile in a small, two-seater aeroplane and up according to the size of the craft. Because of this, his planes are often used for such ordinary chores as delivering small sons of landed gentry home from public school for their holidays and back again when holidays are over.

Iron Lung Journey

He also delivered spare parts by air to motorists stuck on the Continent and an iron lung to save the life of a boy stricken with infantile paralysis on Jersey. He has taken Stewart MacPherson aloft to report on the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, but bad luck and bad weather joined hands on that occasion: it was impossible to see a thing.

One of Olley's steadiest sources of revenue is in ferrying jockeys, trainers, owners and fans to horseraces throughout not only the British Isles but sometimes the Continent as well. On his office wall at Croydon two items stand out: a map of the British Isles, studded with coloured pins, and a complete schedule of all horseraces throughout the year.

According to Olley, the future of his charter business rests in the luxury trade. "There is still plenty of money around," he says with considerable satisfaction.

This was proved the other day when an American woman, living in London, shifted all her furniture to Paris—by air. There was about forty tons of it. The job took nine flights.

When a puzzled friend asked her why she had gone to the great expense of shipping her things by air when almost any other method would have cost a fraction of the fee, she replied:

"My furniture happens to be both very valuable and very fragile. I was afraid of breakage and pilfering. I shipped by air and there was neither. The way I look at it, I saved money in the end."

This point of view is undoubtedly one that businessman Olley would like to see become more general.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY THE JOHN BULL GUARANTEE WHICH APPEARS ON PAGE 6

BARGAINS BY POST

Stupendous MAIL ORDER SALE!

ALL STOCKS MUST BE CLEARED

Glamorous AMERICAN STYLE SUN SUIT

Bras and pleated shorts with side zip made from high quality printed fabric, in gay, multi-coloured patterns. State waist, bust and hip measurements.

SALE PRICE 19/11 Post & Packing 1/- extra.

Super HARDWEARING Plastic Mac Patch pockets, tie-up belt & neck. In pastel shades of Rose, Green, Blue, White and Natural.

We give a WRITTEN GUARANTEE of satisfaction or return garment within 10 days for full refund.

Sale Price 10/- 38-42 in. 44-48 in. .. 12/6 O.S. 44-48 in. 16/- Special sizes 18/-

Post & Packing 1/- extra.

Send cash with order and size required to GUARANTEE MAIL ORDER STORES LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Percival St., Miles Platting, Manchester, 10.

HALF PRICE

GAS COOKERS

Latest model of a world famed British manufacturer, very slightly warehouse soiled but guaranteed to be in perfect working order. Vitreous enamel finish in mottled green or grey. Unused and still of new appearance. 3 Burners, Grill, normal size oven and Thermostat control. Our guarantee covers return up to 14 days against full refund if not fully satisfied.

LIST PRICE £26.19.6 OUR PRICE £13.10.0

For fuller details write for leaflet J.B.

CAN BE SEEN AT

PLATTS PAGE & CO. LTD.

40 Sackville Street, London, W.1. MAY. 2285 or 5 Leigham Court Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.16. or 373/375 Uxbridge Road, Acton, W.3

SENSATIONAL OFFER OF OUR FAMOUS 209E UTILITY WORSTED TROUSERS

Self supporting. 2 side and Hip Pockets, P.T.U., Ext. Waistbelt. Available in Choc. Brown, Dark or medium Grey and Grey Chalk Stripes. Waist 30 to 40. Leg 29 to 33. 60/-

SUPERGRADE. Ext. Waistbelt, P.T.U. 2 side and Hip Pockets. West End Cut in Plain Grey, Choc. Brown, Grey or Brown Chalk Stripes. Waist 30 to 40. Leg 29 to 33. 33/3d.

Waists 42-44-46 in medium shades of Grey only. 36/9d.

GOOD QUALITY FLANNELS in plain or striped Grey. Waist 30 to 40. Leg 29 to 33. 27/3d.

Waists 42-44-46 Plain Grey only. 30/-

Cash with order Add 1/- Post

L.P. DIRECT SALES (Dept. J.B.1) 66 Lower Clapton Road, LONDON, E.5

AVERY MILLS SALE

Manufacturers Stock of Superb quality Spun Rayon OUTSIZE FROCKS

Purchased at great discount, hence the low price. Looks like heavy linen. Tailored collar and revers, shirt front, tie belt.

- Pink/Nigger Spot
- White/Blue Spot
- Gold/Wine Spot
- Sky/Royal Spot
- Green/Brown Spot
- Turquoise/Nigger Spot

Hips 44, 46, 48, 50

Usually 72/6 OUR PRICE 49/6 Post & Pkg. 1/-

Please state second choice Satisfaction or money refunded

AVERY MILLS Dept. 21A 30 Gerrard St., London, W.1

DOING ANY PAINTING?

Remove the old paint this way

For a really good result use Arnolite—as shown on Television. This new, best way is safer and easier than scraping or burning. Only needs water. You brush off any number of coats at a time. Arnolite is non-caustic, leaves wood ready primed for painting. 1 lb. 4/3, carriage paid. Money back if not delighted.

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A Ridge Tent with walls. 1939 prices. Guar. thoroughly proofed. Brand new. 5 ft. 6 in. ridge, 7 ft. 3 in. along wall, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 12 in. high wall. Valise, all accessories, £2 12 6. Carr. and Pack. 1/6.

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7 ox. Crystal-clear lenses. Ideal holiday, sporting events 40/6; W.D. model, £3 10s. Special 6-lens achromatic model, £5 19 6, both complete in case, etc. All post 1/-.

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Waterproof 70 sq. ft. 20/-; 140 sq. ft. £2 10s.; 280 sq. ft. £5; approx. 360 sq. ft. £6; 720 sq. ft. £12. All carr. free.

Monthly Terms Arranged Send for BUMPER LIST

HEADQUARTER & GENERAL SUPPLIES, LTD. J.B.3, 190-200, Coldharbour Lane, Loughborough Junction, London, S.E.5. Open all Saturday.

BRAND NEW British ARMY BOOTS 12'6 PAIR Post etc. 1/-

Unprecedented offer. All sizes available. Full regulation highest grade. Solid leather uppers and soles. Never been issued. Really worth 30s. Our Price 12s. 6d., post etc., 1s. 3d., to advertise our Bumper catalogue. Trade NOT supplied.

ARMY STORM JACKETS and Trousers with Oilskin Sou'wester, 5s. 9d. Complete. Post, etc., 1s. 3d.

Genuine BRITISH NAVAL Telescopic Gun Sight 35/- POST PACK ETC. 1/6

NAVAL TELESCOPE, powerful day and night lenses with modern micrometer automatic range focus apparatus. Splendid object lens. Approx. 15 in. in length. Pick out objects with clarity and precision at many miles range. Made by famous instrument manufacturers, 35s. only. Post and packing, 1s. 6d. Two or more carriage free.

R.A.F. COLLAPSIBLE WASH STANDS, 37s. 6d. Carr. 2s. 6d. Portable, folds up for car, if desired. Assorted coloured basin enamel, 1½-gall. waste pail, 1-gall. water jug. Chain and plug. Normal ht., 2 ft. 7 in. Capac. of basin, 6 pints, 37s. 6d. Carr. 2s. 6d. CAMPING EQUIPMENT.

MONTHLY TERMS ARRANGED. SEND FOR BUMPER LIST. A. SCOTT (JBS), 2 FLAXMAN ROAD, LOUGHBOROUGH JUNC., LONDON, S.E.5, open all Saturday.

HURRY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

"A THOUSAND thanks for enabling me to make my holiday dreams come true!" came word to JOHN BULL from reader J. P. Brandon, 20 Woodstock Avenue, Grangetown, Sunderland.

That was this thirty-seven year old ex-Serviceman's reply to a telegram from Long Acre congratulating him on winning £500 and a holiday for two with a *Bullet*.

Now, why not win *your* holiday in this fascinating competition? A £500 cheque and a carefree seaside week for two can be your double reward for a few simple words on that coupon below. Never mind if you can't get away this summer; the holidays won in *Bullets* this week can be taken *next* year if winners prefer.

Time is flying and this is almost the last holiday offer of 1949. Note that the August break gives you an extra day to win, but make sure you post your entry by Tuesday, August 2.

Last Weeks of Holidays

£500 FIRST PRIZE CASH plus Seaside Holiday for Two

£50, £25, 2 of £10 each also plus Seaside Holiday for Two

—providing week's hotel accommodation for two at Blackpool, Bournemouth, Brighton, Douglas, Eastbourne, Ilfracombe, Margate, Scarborough, Torquay or Weston-super-Mare. (All holidays arranged by Cook's.)

5 of £5, 10 of £2.10, 25 of £1, 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 3,000 "Good Shots"

FOUNTAIN-PEN BONUSES

A fine Fountain-pen accompanies each of the twenty chief cheques won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Aug. 20 and in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Happier World	Buzzing Around
Doctor Cripps	Hard To Please
Let's Pull Together And	Railway Sandwich
Toll Of The Road	A Gift Parcel
Once Upon A Time	Thrill For Grandma
Selfish	
Modern Couple	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Height Of Folly	
Won't Be Done	
He's Patriotic, So	Man At The.....
True To Form	All .....Said
For Love	.....To The Limit
In The Bag	Black With .....
Holiday Picture	Housewife's .....
Felt At Home	When Sandy Saw The...

THRILLING NEW OFFER

in this "Bulletin"

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,691 (or Xword 643) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETIN LABEL

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated August 13. If this is first copy applied for please mark × here

504

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

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EXAMPLE .....|6d.

BULLET .....

EX. .....|6d.

B. .....

EX. .....|6d.

B. .....

EX. .....|6d.

B. .....

Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper—see Bonus Offer above.

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark, **1,691** TUES., Aug. 2

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

"A priceless fund of helpful hints" is the tribute paid by First Prizewinner Brandon to *"Bullets" Bulletin*. To secure a copy of this invaluable guide to the prize-list, simply apply on label adjoining your *Bullets* coupon on this page

2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 638

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2. Posters. 5. Wiser. 6. Clock. 10. Gay. 11. Aimed or Timed. 13. Holts. 14. Lawn. 15. Brink. DOWN: 1. Bill. 3. Tub. 4. Sties. 7. Kit. 8. Hotel. 9. Waiter. 12. Dark.

TWO £100 SHARERS: G. Kemble, 89 Adames Road, Fratton, Portsmouth; H. C. L. Stocks, The Chantry, St. Asaph, Flints.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 21 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to all 2nd Runners-up. In addition, Winners and 1st Runners-up receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

"Bullets" Winners 1,686

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: H. G. Williams, "Hobdens," Crowborough Hill, Crowborough, Sussex: WEALTH OF THE NATION "FIGHTING FUND" STRIKERS *Squander*

SECOND PRIZE, £50: J. L. Steel, 27 Clinton Road, Leatherhead: TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD—"BORROW" SOMETHING FROM—*Ancestors*!

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Miss S. A. Rickard, Moynes Court, Nr. Chepstow: SWEETS—OF LIFE, *Jolly* BABIES.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Miss D. Floyd, 11 Alington Road, Bournemouth: DROPPED FROM THE BUDGETING—"ROSEBUDS." TILL ROSIER BUDGETS. £10: J. Rodgers, 147 Sutton Road, Huthwaite, Mansfield: SO MANY JOBS—SO MANY JOYS, MOTHER'S. £5: E. E. Channell, 131 Cliveden Road, Chester: THE WHITE MAN—INTRODUCED SHIRTS—AND BOOKMAKER! £5: E. C. Reed, 23 Hazlemere Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, 28: A BASINFUL—OF MOTHER-IN-LAW, PRODUCED "JELLY"! £5: F. J. Richardson, The Cottage, Oxton Hall, Tadcaster: FROM MOSCOW—DANCERS ONCE—"PUPPETS" NOWADAYS. £5: J. H. B. Smart, 77 Canberra Road, Christchurch: A BASINFUL—OF MAKE-SHIFTS, "PEACE PUDDING." £5: H. C. Smith, 66 Ivy Avenue, Leeds, 9: DROPPED FROM THE TEAM—BABY'S BROTHER MUSIN'T FEEL.

For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's *"Bullets" Bulletin*.

25 Prizes of £1, 50 "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

CASH, FOOD and OTHER XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's telegram Friday, August 12)

Awards Value £25 Amongst 1st Runners-up

NOVEL "SIGNPOST" PRIZES for all 2nd Runners-up

20-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 643**

1. Certain these are overworked
3. Size may be this by weight
5. Shy person hesitates before asking this
10. To be near a fire doing this is frightening in the extreme
12. Average boy scout could manage more than one good this a day
13. Many people find that blood soon does this
14. Such a sportsman seldom hits the headlines

Down Clues

1. You expect these to go up and down according to prevailing conditions
2. Careless one may cause trouble
4. Many old ones are rather apt to sermonize, when you meet them
6. Most of us don't like this to be levelled at us
7. It's not surprising to find one on the tap
8. May make quite a noise on the boards
9. Disturbance of peace may result from
11. Farmer is often found working at this

WIN A CHEQUE AND 20-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

1W	O	R		2S		3	O	L	4D	
A	D	O					P	I	E	
		5W		Y		V	E	D	A	
E	M				6		R			
S	A	7W		8M	U		A	9D	S	
	10R	A		I	N	G				
A	S	S				B	A	N	11D	
				E	A		P			
12	E	E	D		13C	L	O		S	
	14C	R	O		K	E	D	643	K	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 13.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Bank Holiday Closing Postmark **643** TUES., AUG. 2

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

FRED KEEPS THE BALL ROLLING

Continued from page 21

Revenue have taken their cut.

To youngsters who are keen to follow in the Davis footsteps, Fred says: "Snooker demands 100 per cent of your time and effort. It's no use thinking you can give it up in the summer and play tennis and cricket—you've got to sacrifice all that and keep practising."

His strictures don't specify smoking or drinking, since, in Fred's view, that goes without saying. Like most other present-day snooker champions, he is a non-smoker and a teetotaller, though on occasions he will recall the colourful days of the early champions, when brandy and cigars were an aftermath of every match.

But most of those earlier players, says Fred, enjoyed no more than a short life and a merry one—like the champion who was arrested one night for drunken driving, to be charged in court the next morning with deliberately demolishing a whole row of hurricane lamps.

"What was the witness's demeanour when you questioned him at the time?" inquired the magistrate.

"It was unsatisfactory," recalled the constable. "When I told him what he'd done, he replied, 'Don't be silly, I've taken all the reds—where are the colours?'"

In the snooker world of today, Fred's easy deliberation, lack of temperament and good-humoured play have made him a big favourite with the fans.

On one occasion, for instance, when he was playing a match against Sidney Smith, both opened so badly that the results were as much funny as tragic. For a quarter of an hour they put the balls everywhere except into the pockets.

Finally, Smith potted a red into the top right-hand pocket—and the cue ball came back to nestle securely plumb in the centre of the pyramid of reds. Smith just threw up his arms in despair, but it was Fred who promptly turned to the audience with a broad grin on his face.

"Come on," he invited them. "Are there any two in this house who'd like to make up a four?"

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Food From Abroad

T. P. (Faversham): It is an offence against Board of Trade regulations to import goods purchased abroad without a licence, whether from the sterling area or not. Anyone importing rationed foods in this way would also be offending against the Food Rationing Orders.

This means that if you buy rationed foods from any country overseas, including the Republic of Ireland, in response to circulars or advertisements offering such foods for sale, you will be liable to prosecution.

Our team of experts will solve readers' queries (except medical) if these are sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Stamped envelope for reply please.

There are many imitations

The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. AERTEX LONDON —and utility

but only one

AERTEX

FIRST CHOOSE YOUR CAREER

Accountancy.
Blue Prints.
Book-keeping.
Chemistry.
Civil Service.
Commercial Art.
Draughtsmanship.
Engineering.
Languages.
Mathematics.
Matriculation.
Mining.
Plastics.
Sanitation.
Secretaryship.
Shorthand (Pitman's).
Wireless.
Works Managers.

If your requirements are not listed above, write us for free advice.

A KEY POSITION..

WAITS FOR YOU

Start training for it NOW!

There is still room at the top for the fully qualified man who is fitted for the job. YOU can be that man—successful, prosperous, with your future assured—by studying at home in your spare time, guided by the personal tuition of The Bennett College.

WE WILL HELP YOU TO ACHIEVE YOUR AMBITION

Get your feet on the ladder of success TO-DAY. Write to The Bennett College and learn how thousands of people just like you have reached the top with the right guidance. A well-paid job can be yours—start this pleasant spare-time study NOW.

Direct Mail to DEPT. 31

THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., SHEFFIELD

Could you smile? —with a pain like

Neuritis

It's a brave smile—in spite of pain. But not necessary! Two tablets of Phensic will quickly bring a real smile of relief—a happy gratitude for so safe, so sure a remedy. So don't suffer pain—when relief is so SURE and SAFE. Take Phensic! **4d., 1/6 & 3/8.**

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for quick safe relief

FROM HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAIN, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, COLDS & CHILLS

USE

Stratton CUFF LINKS

EXPANDA

the LINK EXTENDS

Put it to yourself—is it not far better, when buying Cuff Links, to ask for Stratton's "Expanda," and secure the advantages of the unique expanding link connection? Enables you to pull up your sleeves for a quick wash, etc., without removing link. Ideally useful! Change today to the "Expanda" way.

From leading Outfitters and Hope Bros., Post Dept., Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.

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For ACID INDIGESTION

chew a couple of

'MILK of MAGNESIA' (B.P.C.) TABLETS

By correcting acidity they give prompt relief from indigestion. *'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets are handy to carry in handbag or pocket.

** Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

30 Tablets 1/3—75 Tablets 2/6

The ALL-BRITISH

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GIVES PERSONALITY TO YOUR WRITING

The Pen with the Marvellous Nib

RESTORE ENERGY and DEFEAT AGE

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"VITABRACE"

THE PERFECT SUPPORT FOR EVERY MAN

Physical alertness, a slender waistline and the appearance of youthfulness are essential to success in social and business life.

A protruding abdomen is a handicap in social and business life, but far more serious is its bad effect on health. The "Vitabrace" restores the flat waist line and physical alertness of youth. Made in finest elastic fabric. **No Buckles, buttons or hooks.**

Price **13/2** post free **2** for **25/-**

Super quality 28/2, up to 43-in. hips; 44—49-in. hips 42/9. Extra super quality, hand-knitted, 70/-, up to 44-in. hips; 45 to 49-in. hips, 76/5. State Hips (not waist) measure. Money refunded if not approved. Catalogues of men's or women's surgical and other belts and corsets free. State needs.

BEASLEY'S BELT DEPT. 8VB
The Manor House, Newnham, Glos.
Personal fittings at 4 Cork St., London, W.1

GREAT PRACTICAL MONEY-SAVING BOOK

For Readers of "John Bull"

The HANDYMAN AND HOME MECHANIC

A Unique Privilege Price Opportunity!

600 ILLUSTRATIONS **512** PAGES

For hundreds of jobs about the home! The most useful, practical, money-saving book ever published. 512 pages of can't-go-wrong guidance. **Over 600 how-it's-done illustrations.** Shows the easy, expert, inexpensive way to tackle all kinds of problems in house or garden. **Detailed hints on methods, materials, planning a workshop. Tells how to do all kinds of carpentry, metal working, electrical jobs, hang paper, redecorate, make garden paths, overhaul a car, radio, make fitments, furniture, etc., etc.** Indispensable for every handyman and homelover—a standby that will give a lifetime's service. Make it yours NOW! Standard edition, bookcloth, **7/6. De Luxe, leathercloth, 8/6.** Prices include postage, packing, etc.

Do Countless Jobs at Home

Paint, varnish, hang paper, decorate.

***Make*—furniture, garden sheds, greenhouse, wheelbarrow, fences, gates, electric fittings, shewerbaths, step-ladders, garden pools.**

***Fix*—windows, smoking chimneys, damp walls, pipes, drains, taps, roofs and gutters, electric equipment, car, radio, lawnmower, etc.**

ACT AT ONCE

Fill in and post Form on right in 1d. stamped, unsealed envelope to **Book Dept., J. G. I., Odhams Press Ltd., 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2.** Offer applies only in U.K. and Eire and closes August 3.

POST NOW

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HANDYMAN AND HOME MECHANIC.
Standard Edition, 7/6
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Firmly affix 1d. Stamp Here to reserve a copy in edition required and to bring Privilege Certificate and Invoice with **FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

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J.G.1.H.H.M. 23/7/49.

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COST HIM HIS JOB

This unfortunate young man couldn't get rid of a very persistent skin complaint. So bad did it get that he finally had to leave his job! Then a friend recommended Valderma and he was soon at work again. Valderma contains two antiseptics. Working together, they penetrate deep into the pores of your skin, and kill off the germs that cause skin troubles. Irritation ends. The skin quickly becomes clear and healthy. Valderma is white, creamy, non-greasy, non-staining. Get a jar today—and say goodbye to *your* skin troubles *now*. At Boots, Timothy Whites and all chemists. Jars at 2/2½d. Double-size 3/10d. The larger size saves you money.

DOUBLE ANTISEPTIC

Valderma

THE *Non-Greasy* BALM

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Gay Cottons

make such gay SUMMER WEAR!

...So keep them fresh and lovely with

RINSO

Cottons are right in the picture this summer! And they come in such pretty patterns, such bright shades, too—all *so* dashing!

But remember, gay cottons need careful washing to *keep* them gay. So use Rinso for them always. It treats every washable fabric with such gentle care . . . prolongs the life of your pretty things!

RINSO

suds are so **THOROUGH** *yet so safe, too!*

R 217-76

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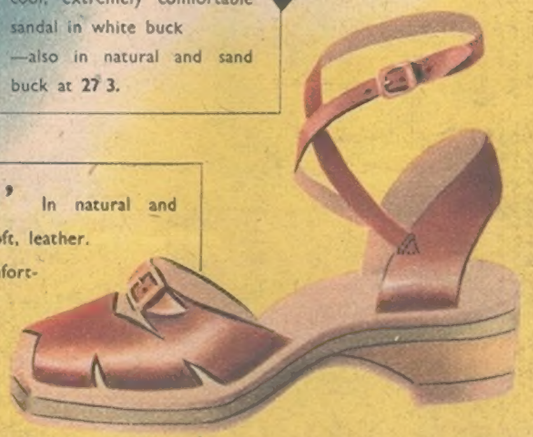
Primitive

SANDALS

In these three famous styles as worn by J. Arthur Rank stars Liana Morris, Hazel Court, etc. the accent is on **value.** They are the ideal more-for-your-money holiday sandals, in soft natural leathers.

'Tropic' This light, cool, extremely comfortable sandal in white buck —also in natural and sand buck at **27/3.**

29/9



'Liana II' In natural and russet smooth, soft, leather. A smart and comfortable sandal for the Promenade.

33/6

'Liana' In natural and russet smooth leather and sand buck. A special feature is the "open yet closed" heel which gives maximum comfort.

35/-

Walk with the stars in

DOLCIS

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